GRAND HOTEL,
Trafalgar-square, LONDON.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN NOT RESIDING IN THE HOTEL MAY AVAIL THEMSELVES OF THE TABLE D'HOTE BREAKFAST, 3s. 6d.; TABLE D'HOTE LUNCHEON, 3s. 6d.; AND THE GRAND TABLE D'HOTE DINNER, SERVED FROM 6 TO 8.30 P.M., PRICE 5s. BANQUETS, PRIVATE DINNERS, AND WEDDING BREAKFASTS ARE SERVED IN THE MARBLE AND OTHER SALONS.

THE
PALL MALL
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MAGGI v. **Influenza!**

MAGGI is prescribed against the
AFTER Effects of INFLUENZA
AS A
General Strengthener,
ESPECIALLY AGAINST
WEAKNESS of the HEART.

No. 7816.—Vol. L. *TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 8, 1890.* *Price One Penny.*

TO-NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.
(Augustus Harris, Sole Lessee and Manager.)
CARL ROSA OPERA SEASON.
THIS EVENING at 8, FAUST. Signor Runcio, Messrs. Leslie Crotty, Charles Campbell, and Signor Abramoff; Miss Lucille Saunders, Annie Cook, and Madme. Georgina Burns.
ROMEO AND JULIET TO-MORROW. Messrs. Barton McGuckin, F. H. Celli, John Child, and Abramoff; Misses Kate Drew and Zélie de Lussan.
MIGNON on THURSDAY. Messrs. John Child, F. H. Celli, Wilfrid Esmond, C. Campbell, and J. Beale; Misses Amanda Fabris, Lucille Saunders, and Fanny Moody.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
(Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree.)
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8 o'clock precisely, a new play, in five acts, A VILLAGE PRIEST, by Sydney Grundy. Mr. Tree, Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. Allan; Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Norreys, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mrs. Brooke, and Mrs. Tree. Box-office open 10 till 5, where seats from 2s. may be booked. Pit circle (unreserved), 5s. 6d.; gallery, 1s. Full orchestra.
MATINÉE of A VILLAGE PRIEST, SATURDAY NEXT, April 12, at 2.15.

LYCEUM THEATRE.
(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Henry Irving.)
THE DEAD HEART.—A Story of the French Revolution. TO-NIGHT at Eight o'clock, THE DEAD HEART. Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Stirling, Mr. Righton; Miss Phillips and Miss Ellen Terry. Box office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily 10 to 5. Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram. Carriages, 10.45.
MATINEE of THE DEAD HEART NEXT SATURDAY MORNING, and Saturday Mornings, 19th and 26th April, at Two o'clock.
THE BELLS NEXT SATURDAY EVENING, and Saturday Evenings, 19th and 26th April. Matinée (his original part), Mr. Henry Irving.—LYCEUM.

CRITERION THEATRE.
(Lessee and Manager, Mr. Charles Wyndham.
THIS EVENING, at 8, DAVID GARRICK. Mr. Charles Wyndham, Messrs. G. Giddens, W. Blakeley, S. Valentine, S. Hewson, F. Atherley, F. Emery, and Wm. Farren, Mesdames F. Pazet, E. Miller, F. Leyshon, and Mary Moore. Preceded by, at 8.30, "A PEW-FECT PIECE OF BUSINESS." Doors open at 7.45. N.B.—MATINEE of DAVID GARRICK SATURDAY NEXT, at 3 o'clock.

GAIETY THEATRE.
TO-NIGHT, at 8 punctually, RUY BLAS AND THE BLASE ROUE. Miss Ellen Farren, Miss Marion Hood, Miss Sylvia Grey, Miss Linda Verner, Miss Blanche Massey, and Miss Letty Lind; Mr. Fred. Leslie, Mr. G. T. Minshull, and Mr. Fred. Storey. Doors open at 7.30.

TERRY'S THEATRE.
(Proprietor and Lessee, Mr. Edward Terry: Manageress, Miss Grahame.)
TO-NIGHT, at 8, OLD LAMPS FOR NEW. OLD. Messrs. W. S. Penley, Bernard Gould, W. Lestocq, and F. Kerr. Mesdames Cissy Grahame, Houston, and Gertrude Kingston. At 8.30 FOR HER CHILD'S SAKE. Mesdames M. A. Giffard, Helen Leyton; Oscar Adye, A. Ellis, and J. Nelson. Doors open at 8. Carriages at 11. Box Office open 10 till 5. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, at 3. Acting Manager, Mr. H. T. Brickwell.

TOOLE'S THEATRE.
TO-NIGHT, at 9, THE BUNGALOW, by Frederick Horner. The greatest success of modern times. Received with roars of laughter and thunders of applause. At 8.15, ON TOAST. Doors open 7.45. Messrs. Arthur Cecil, Yorke Stephens, Compton Coutts, A. Kousby, R. Stockton, and Fred Kaye; Mesdames Isabel Lurgin, Helen Forsyth, Vane Featherston, Marie Illington, and Cicely Richards. MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.15. Doors open at 2.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.
(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Thomas Thorne.)
THIS EVENING at 8.30, CLARISSA (6th Time), at 7.45, MEADOW SWEET. Mr. Thomas Thorne, Messrs. L. S. Brough, Cyril Maude, Oswald Yorke, J. S. Blythe, Harbury, F. Grove, C. Gilmore, and Fred Thorne; Miss Winifred Emery, Mesdames Mary Collette, C. Owen, L. Bryer, F. Weymon, Lily Hanbury, and Miss Bannister. MATINEES of MISS TOMBOY TO-DAY (Easter Tuesday), and SATURDAY NEXT, April 12, at 2.30.

THE GLOBE THEATRE.
(Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. R. Benson.)
TO-DAY, at 8, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, with the Mendelssohn Incidental Music. Messrs. Brydone, Maur, Benson, Ross, Howard, Athol Forde, Black, Weir, Phillips, Tomkins, Granville, Stuart; Mesdames Julia Arthur, Ernest, Dunn, Geraldine, Townsend, Bunbleigh, Mitchelmore.
N.B.—HAMLET NEXT THURSDAY and FRIDAY, at 8.

ADELPHI THEATRE.
(A. and S. Gatti, Sole Proprietors and Managers.)
THIS EVENING, at 8.0, LONDON DAY BY DAY. Immense success. 178th Time. Mr. Frank Cooper, Messrs. Marius, J. D. Beveridge, J. L. Shine, Lionel Rignold, W. L. Abingdon, Theo. Balfour, M. J. Fortes Robertson, Mr. S. Brough, Mr. S. Pringle; Miss Blanche Horlock and Miss Carlotta Addison (specially engaged) will appear. Doors open 7.40. Box-office open from 10 to 5. Acting Manager, Mr. C. G. Compton.

GARRICK THEATRE.
(Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hare.)
THIS EVENING, at 8.30, A PAIR OF SPECTACLES. Mr. John Hare, Mr. C. Groves, Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. S. Brough, Mr. C. Dodsworth, Mr. F. H. Knight, Mr. R. Harding, Mr. Byron, Miss Blanche Horlock, Miss F. Hunter, and Miss Kate Rorke. Preceded, at 8, by DREAM FACES. Mr. J. Forbes Robertson, Mr. S. S. Brough Mr. S. Pringle; Miss Blanche Horlock and Miss Carlotta Addison (specially engaged) will appear. Doors open 7.40. Box-office open from 10 to 5. Acting Manager, Mr. C. G. Compton.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.
(Messrs. Willard and Lart, Lessees and Managers.)
THIS EVENING, at 8, DICK VENABLES. Mr. Willard, Messrs. Alfred Bishop, E. W. Garden, Elwood, H. Cane, Henry V. Osmond, Royston Keith, E. W. Thomas, Harting; Mrs. Cannings, Miss Annie Rose, Miss Annie Hill, and Miss Olga Brandon. Doors open 7.40. Box Office open daily from 10 to 5. Telephone No. 3,603. Acting Manager, Mr. W. H. Griffiths.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
MASTER AND MAN.
TO-DAY, at 2.30 and 7.45. Henry Pettitt and George R. Sims' powerful play, MASTER AND MAN, in which the following popular artists will appear:—Messrs. Henry Neville, J. H. Barnes, Robert Pateman, Brandon Thomas, Sidney Howard, Charles Dalton, Bassett Roe, Fred Shepherd, George Daniel, E. Meyeur, E. Webster Lawson; Miss Edith Bruce, Mrs. Frank Hunsley, and Miss Bella Pateman. Doors open 7.15. Commence 7.45. Box-office (Mr. A. Frye) open daily from ten till five. Seats at all the libraries.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.
(Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. Langtry.)
TO-NIGHT, at 8, AS YOU LIKE IT. Mrs. Langtry; Mesdames M'Neil, Lea, Lamb, Armbruster, &c.; Messrs. Conrley, Beauchin, Sugden, Everill, Fulton, Brodie, Forbes, Gay, Lewis, Cannings, Lawford, Grover, Lingham, Arnolfie, Belgrave, Yorke, &c. Doors open 7.30, carriages at 11.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.
(Lessee and Manager, Mr. Horace Sedger.)
TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, MARJORIE. Miss Phyllis Broughton, Mdme. Amadi and Miss Camille d'Arville; Messrs. C. Hayden Coffin, Joseph Tapley, Henry Ashley, Frederick Wood, Adam James, T. A. Shale, A. T. Hendon, and Harry Monkhouse. Preceded at 7.30 by ALL ABROAD. Morning Performance EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30. Telephone No. 5,704.

LYRIC THEATRE.
(Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Henry J. Leslie.)
THIS EVENING, at 8.20, THE RED HUSSAR. At 7.30, THE SENTRY. Mesdames Marie Tempest, Maud Holland, E. Irving, A. Newton, E. Briant, and Florence Dysart; Messrs. Ben Davies, A. Maria, G. Mudie, J. Le Hay, Wood, and Arthur Williams.

COMEDY THEATRE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, the celebrated Comedy PINK DOMINOS, adapted by James Albery, with powerful cast, including Messrs. Herbert Standing, Alfred Maltby, A. Beauchalk, &c., and C. H. Hawtrey; Mesdames Goldney, Robertson, Cowell, Alma Stanley, and Rose Saker; followed by the new Comic Operetta, DUMBLEDEE. ECONOMY, by F. C. Burnand and A. Sullivan. Box-office open daily from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at APRIL SHOWERS. Telephone, 3,724.

COURT THEATRE.
(Proprietors, Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Chudleigh.)
TO-NIGHT at 8, 253rd performance of AUNT JACK. Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. F. Mervin, Mr. Fred Cape, Mr. A. Aynesworth, Mr. W. Phillips, Mr. F. Barry, Mr. Fewell; Mesdames Gurney, Miss Reina Filippi, Miss Florence Wood, and Mrs. John Wood. At 8.15, TO THE RESCUE, Mr. R. Belch, Mr. F. Farren. Miss V. Harrington and Mrs. Phelps.
Notice.—LAST NIGHTS of AUNT JACK.

AVENUE THEATRE.
(Mr. George Alexander.)
TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, MISS CINDERELLA. At 9, DR. BILL.
Messrs. George Alexander, Nutcombe Gould, Benjamin Webster, George Capel, Henry Grattan, and Albert Chevalier; Mesdames Millward, Cudmore, Leicester, Lisson, Marie Linden, Laura Graves, Edith Kenward, Lilly Young, and Fanny Brough. Doors open at 8.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30. Doors open 2 o'clock. Box-office open daily from 10 till 5.
Business Manager, Mr. R. D'Albertson.

ALHAMBRA VARIETY THEATRE.
"ASMODEUS," at 9 o'clock, and "ZANETTA," at 10.50. Mdlles. Saraceo, Marie, Thurgate, and Verpé, and Signor De Vincenzi. Varieties by BRUET and RIVIÈRE, Marvelle's Boarhounds and the Dog "Rags," the Sisters Twibell, Nellie Wilton, Revesz and Alton, Fred Ogden, the Brothers Borani, Sherman and Morissy, Abe Daniels, and Miss ANNIE ALBU. Open 7.45 until 11.30.

EMPIRE THEATRE.
SPECIAL EASTER ATTRACTIONS. Commence at 7.40. Two Grand Ballets. At 9.0, THE PARIS EXHIBITION. At 10.30, A DREAM OF WEALTH, by M. Katti Lanner. Music by M. Leopold Wenzel. Mdlles. Palladino and Lettina de Stadi, Signor Albertieri and Signorina Malvina Cavalieri. Grand Variety Entertainment. No free list.

ROYAL, Holborn.
HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.—Billie Barlow; Mr. and Mrs. Watson; Sam Redfern; the Craggs Troupe of Marvellous Acrobats; Ben Nathan; Nellie Wilson; the Avolo Boys, in their Novel Musical and Acrobatic Act; Walter Munro; Miss Lizzie Coote; Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar; Walter Munro; Signor Albert and Edmunds. Troupe in a Novel Comical Physical Mobility; and many others. Doors 6.30 to 10.30. EVERY EVENING, at 7.30; SATURDAY MORNINGS, at 2.30.

A NEW MINISTER—AND AN OLD POLICY?

ARE we at the dawn of a new era in China? The new Chinese Minister to the Court of St. James's is shortly expected in London; and persistent rumour has given tongue to a statement that the new Minister means a new policy. Sanguine people have even found confirmation of the rumour in the so-called "opening" of the Yangtze river. China, we are asked to believe, is at last to be thrown open to the energy and enterprise of the barbarian who has for decades been knocking at her gates; railways are to unite by a new bond her many-millioned provinces; her mineral resources, rich and varied, and as yet unrecked of by the speculator, are to be laid bare; and over the vast empire which has so long pined in the darkness of an exclusive and unelastic civilization an era of progress is about to dawn. We wish that such statements were true, no less for China's sake than for the commercial world at large. We are afraid, however, that it is a dream the full realization of which at all events is not yet. Nor does the reported opening of the port of Chung-king on the Upper Yangtze mean much. The Chinese have been very careful to introduce a condition which really leaves matters pretty much as they were. No steamers, they say, shall ascend the Upper River until steamers of their own lead the way. Just so, and when will that be?

That there has, however, recently been a shaking of the dry bones in official circles in the Far East every one who has watched affairs in China will readily admit. Shrewd statesmen like LI-HUNG-CHANG have, of course, long appreciated the advantages of European civilization, and here a little and there a little its methods have been adopted. But it is in the youthful Emperor that China is most fortunate. Since his accession signs of progress in the country have been marked. He is credited with possessing a sincere desire for the welfare and advancement of his people; and although, like other potentates nearer home, he is surrounded by men whose interest it is to keep him in the old paths, yet his influence, if exercised on the side of progress, cannot fail to tell. He has certainly started in the right direction. Official life in China is corrupt from top to bottom. The hangers-on at the yamens who collect the taxes are continually guilty of peculation of the most pronounced kind. Against this sort of thing the Emperor has made what seems a determined stand, and has ordered the Viceroys and Governors to denounce for punishment their subordinates who may be guilty of such villainy. The vexatious impost of the *li-kin*, which has so long been a standing grievance with English traders, has also engaged Imperial attention, and the matter has been referred by decree to the Board of Revenue. And so with other abuses. These decrees may mean much or they may mean little. We think they mean very little indeed. The fact, however, that the Emperor has been interesting himself in such matters at all shows that even in China the world moves.

But by far the most important question which is at present agitating the minds of the Chinese and those interested in the country is that of railways. Without railways real progress in the Middle Kingdom is impossible; with railways the country would advance by leaps and bounds. A line from Pekin to Hankow is on the tapis; whether or not more will come of the scheme it would, with Chinese history behind us, be rash to speculate. And yet the Chinese are not by any means such fools as many persons think they are. For the foreigner they will do nothing—not even leave their bones in his land if they can help it—but to their own interests they are wonderfully alive. Centralization, not decentralization, is the main idea of their government, and in this they—or some of them at all events—see plainly enough that railways would aid them. CHUNG-CHOW, at Canton, when he o'ersteps the bounds which his bureaucratic chiefs at Pekin have set him, can be pulled up by telegraph, which is well; but with a railway CHUNG-CHOW could be speedily got at personally, which would be better. The instinct of self-preservation, too, is in the Celestial remarkably strong. Russia has planned two railways to the very borders of the empire, and some of the more astute Chinese think that it is only by strategic lines that their country can be kept from the clutches of the Colossus of the North. Curiously enough Russia, too, is feigning alarm at the railway rumours from her Celestial neighbour, and has increased the force which she maintains in Eastern Siberia. But Russia may keep her mind easy. Apart altogether from geomantic influences—a most important factor in Chinese life—the recommendation of the Viceroy CHANG-CHIH-TUNG that the proposed railway should not be proceeded with until it can be made of Chinese iron is, if adopted by the Government, enough to wreck the scheme. "Let us avail ourselves of our enforced intercourse with the barbarians in order to keep them out" was the burden once of one patriot's memorial to the Throne. It is still the sentiment uppermost in the mind of almost every Chinese official, from the Great Wall in the far north to the City of Rams within the tropics.

PRIVATE VIEWS IN THE ARTISTS' STUDIOS.

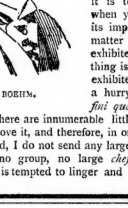
X.—Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A.

TIMES are changed—sadly changed—since the great crowd used to besiege the doors of the huge house known to an enormous and ever-widening circle of friends as No. 7, Pembridge-villas. That house, for nearly forty years the residence of one who was for more than a quarter of a century the most popular painter in England, and who there was visited by the whole of the Royal family, has passed into other hands, and Bayswater knows him no more. He preferred to move from an establishment now too large for his wants, and emigrated to the suburbs in quest of light and air and garden slopes. Thither I followed him (writes our representative), and found him in the picturesque district of Lordship-lane. His face warmed into a genial smile. "I'm delighted to see you," he said; "I thought I never was going to. In these busy times people can't find time to come out here, and as for seeing my friends, I might as well be living in Timbuctoo—just as well." And then I was escorted over the house and visited Mr. Frith's own studio, as well as that which he has built over it for his pupils; for he has an important class. This class—the close attendance on which has prevented the artist from producing more than one picture this year, a portrait of "Mrs. Gerald Parnell"—includes pupils of both sexes, some of whom, judging from their studies, afford promise of considerable achievement.

MR. W. P. FRITH.

XI.—Sir J. E. Boehm, R.A.

Sir J. E. Boehm is evidently not particularly impressed with the honours of knighthood, for at the entrance to his delightful studio in Fulham-road a shabby little black signboard explains still that this is "*Mr.* J. E. Boehm's studio." Nothing of the hustle and bustle that precedes in some studios the last days before the solemn hour of "sending in" enters into the quiet, airy rooms, where some of the very statues have taken to doze under protecting sheets of newspapers after the manner of portly gentlemen who resent indignantly the idea that they might possibly refresh themselves by a nap when, after dinner, they retire behind their news sheet. One reason for the perfect calm and quiet at the studio is probably the fact that Sir Edgar is not going to exhibit any large piece of work at this year's Academy. "I intended to exhibit a large group," said the eminent sculptor to our representative; "but I found that I could not get it done, and so I keep it over. It is not worth while hurrying to get a thing done in time—that is to say, if you have to hurry in order to get your work done by a certain day, the work is likely to be less perfect than it would otherwise have been; and ever after, when it is too late, you have vain regrets when you look at your work and notice its imperfections. After all, it does not matter much whether a work of art is exhibited this year or next; the chief thing is that it is well done when it is exhibited. And you can't finish things in a hurry. You know, *Rien ne peut être fait que ce qui est fini.* After a piece of work is finished there are innumerable little touches by which you find that you can still improve it, and therefore, in order to avoid sending anything that is not well finished, I do not send any large work at all this year."


SIR J. E. BOEHM.

But though no group, no large *chef d'œuvre*, will leave the cheerful studio where one is tempted to linger and examine, besides the artist's own speaking, the tiny girl who rules the dramatic roast during the last two acts is really a subsidiary character. Her mother is the heroine of the piece. The first act, which is certainly the most striking of the three, takes place a couple of years before Nixie is born, and it is only when a cloud is overshadowing the married life of her father and mother that the uncanny child springs into prominence. Even then she is not a principal—merely an infant—mediator between the two leading personages of the play. One of the most curious features of "Nixie" is the introduction of the bulk of the incident which forms the foundation of Mrs. Burnett's story, "Editha's Burglar." If this scene was led up to more plausibly, and curtailed in places, it would be far more effective. Little Lucy Webling's childish—albeit somewhat mechanical—methods are amusing enough at first. But the impossible lines so frequently put in her mouth are calculated to exhaust one's patience after a time. Both Mr. William Herbert and Miss Helen Forsyth play well as Nixie's father and mother, but Mr. Lewis Waller's suffering of his one scene in the first act is worth all the other performances put together.

Another Musical Farce.

Messrs. Burnand and Solomon's musical version of the popular old farce "Domestic Economy," was successfully produced last night at the Comedy Theatre. Both author and composer have done their work well, for the music is just as clever and tuneful as the lyrics are neatly turned. Two of the numbers, "When I was in the Militia" and "Father's gone out," catch the ear at once, and, needless to say, there are many picturesque touches in the orchestration which will appeal both to the skilled musician and to the uncultured man-in-the-street. Mr. Dagnall is a fairly funny John Grumley; the statuesque Miss Alma Stanley is his capricious wife; while the cast also includes the names of Mr. W. Lugg, Mr. S. Solomon, Miss Mary Glover, and Miss Alice Glover.

Opera at Drury Lane.

The Carl Rosa Company opened their season with a flourish of trumpets on Saturday evening, when an English version of Gounod's delightful "Roméo et Juliette" was given. Yesterday afternoon native genius was drawn upon, and "The Bohemian Girl" was played to a crowded house, Miss Fannie Moodie being the Arline. At night the big theatre was fuller than ever; for "Carmen" is invariably a strong operatic card to play at holiday-time. The Carmen of Mdlle. Zélie de Lussan, the Michaela of Miss Amanda Fabris, the Don José of Mr. Barton McGuckin, and the Escamillo of Mr. Leslie Crotty were all much appreciated. Of course the Toreador's song was encored; but why has Mr. Crotty developed a habit of inserting aspirates in the middle of certain words—for instance, "Tore-h-dor"?

R. U. E.

STAGE AND SONG.

Adelphi Arrangements.

I hear that "The Green Bushes" will take the place of "London Day by Day" at the Adelphi on Saturday, the 19th inst. The principal parts will be in the following hands:—

Connor O'Kennedy ..... Mr. Frank Cooper
George O'Kennedy ..... Mr. W. L. Abingdon
Master Grimidge ..... Mr. J. L. Shine
Jack Gong ..... Mr. Lionel Rignold
Miami ..... Miss Mary Rorke
Nelly O'Neil ..... Miss Kate James

Two New Plays.

According to present arrangements the production of Mrs. Bancroft's new play, "A Riverside Story," at the Garrick, on May 24, will clash with the matinée of Mr. Robert Buchanan's classical drama, "The Bride of Love." I sincerely hope that one of these interesting events will be postponed; otherwise there will be much doubt and figurative "tossing up" in critical circles.

Miss Annie Hughes in a New Character.

Many playgoers will be interested to hear that Miss Annie Hughes—one of the most popular of our younger actresses—changed her name yesterday for that of Devereux. Even on so important an occasion, however, she did not neglect her professional duties, but put in an appearance at rehearsal immediately after the interesting ceremony. The honeymoon will be but a brief one, for Miss Hughes—or rather Mrs. Devereux—is playing an important part in "April Showers" to-morrow afternoon.

"Nixie."

The success of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has resulted, naturally enough, in the production of a second play from the pen of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett—on this occasion with Mr. Stephen Townesend as collaborator—designed to exhibit the peculiar capabilities of a child-actress. "Nixie" is the play and Miss Lucy Webling is the child-actress now on view every afternoon at Terry's Theatre. The little lady is certainly cleverand she has plenty of individuality about her. But I cannot think that the piece in which she has made her London début is calculated to appeal to the playing public as did its predecessor and prototype, "Little Lord Fauntleroy." In this latter play Cedric Erroll was practically the centre of each situation; everybody and everything revolved, as on a pivot, round the strange child in black velvet. In "Nixie," however, structurally

creations, the mysterious and ancient-looking trinkets and ornaments behind the glass doors of an old-world cupboard, Burlington House will not be entirely without a specimen of Sir Edgar's art, and the bust of Mr. Lecky the historian, and another of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, which is a study for a colossal statue for Calcutta, are waiting on their pedestals for the day when the works of the R.A.'s follow that of the outsiders through the narrow back gates of Burlington House.

Meanwhile the sculptor is busily at work with the model of a recumbent statue of Earl Sydney for the church at Chislehurst, and it is very evident that the absence of bustle and hurry at the Avenue Studio does not in any way signify absence of much work and activity.

XII.—Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A.

For the past few years the public has looked to Mr. Frank Dicksee to provide one of *the* "pictures of the year;" and it must be admitted that he has seldom failed to realize the public anticipation. Rumour has it this year he will surpass all his former efforts; so that a visit to his studio is one of considerable interest. Into the queerly-built cottage studio, that stands so quaintly cornerwise to the street—hard by the waterworks at Campden Hill—we are admitted by favour, for the picture is not yet finished, and the painter is in those throes which seem an invariable symptom of approaching consummation.

Mr. Frank Dicksee.

Mounting to the painting-room, an apartment of no mean dimensions, we find the great canvas stretching across the wall. "The subject, you see," says our host, "is 'The Redemption of Tannhäuser.' It is the legend of the youth who left his love to dally with Venus, and whose sin could not be forgiven by the Pope, who said that the withered staff would bear leaves sooner. At last the pilgrim, by a desperate sacrifice, comes back through the darkness of the forest from Venusberg, and meets the funeral procession of the girl he loved. He falls down, repentant and dying, by the bier of the dead girl, that has been set down before the sylvan shrine, just as the priest's rod breaks out into leaf, and the figure of Venus, seen by Tannhäuser alone, fades back defeated, but still tempting, into the rich glow of a rosy vision." The picture is full of figures and incident—the bishop, the priests, and choristers bearing censers, Wolfran, his friend, the bright vision, and the cold bright light of dawn, all contribute to form an interesting and ambitious composition. How long, I ask, has the artist been at work on the picture, so well designed and thought out? "That's hard to say," he replies, "it was when I first read Lytton's version that I was first struck with its pictorial capabilities." He is referring, of course, to "Tannhäuser; or, The Battle of the Bards," published in 1861 by Lytton and Fane under the pseudonyms of Edward Trevor and Neville Temple. "But is not the picture rather Wagnerian than Lyttonian in the realization of the subject?" "Quite so," replies Mr. Dicksee; "that was because Wagner's version is perhaps better for the painter's version, and it is his reading of the legend—that queer mixture of Classic and Teutonic feeling and ideas—that has since become the best known and the more completely accepted in England." And we take our leave, deeply impressed with the dramatic and emotional qualities of the picture, quite distinct from the artistic merits of colour, drawing, and technique.

(The preceding articles in this series appeared as follows:—March 28, Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Briton Rivière, and Mr. Goodall; March 31, Mr. Onslow Ford, Mr. Logsdail, and Mr. Henry Moore; April 2, Mr. Fildes, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, and Mr. Seymour Lucas.)

THE THREE HOURS' SERVICES.

To the Editor *of the* Pall Mall Gazette.

Dear Sir,—In justice to what, I venture to think, when well done, is one of the most impressive and helpful services of the English Church, will you allow me emphatically to protest against your inference (on the 5th) that Archdeacon Farrar's statement as to spending Good Friday "in morbid and useless attempts to reproduce in imagination the physical agonies of our Lord on the Cross" in any way necessarily marks a divergence from the action of the Bishop of London, who took the "Three Hours' Service" at St. Paul's. I did not hear the Bishop, but I have elsewhere attended that service for many years, and the above words of the Archdeacon in no way describes the line then usually taken by preachers. The Church is wide, I am glad to say, but I much doubt whether your conclusion is not in this instance based on a false premiss, and whether any Bishop *would* encourage "spending the three hours in what an Archdeacon stigmatizes as morbid and useless exercise."

A. R. B.

Easter Day, 1890.

NOVELS IN ST PAUL'S.

To the Editor *of the* Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir,—It is not easy to determine the limits of a thoroughly frivolous woman's frivolity; but when she takes a novel to St. Paul's Cathedral to prepare her for one of Canon Liddon's sermons it is probable—to put it as politely as possible—that she has reached the limits "*quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.*" It was my misfortune yesterday afternoon, when Canon Liddon preached on the Resurrection, to have within inevitable sight, though unfortunately out of speaking distance, an elderly woman, attired "like a lady," who had brought with her to the cathedral a ninepenny copy of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," which some remote remembrance of decency had suggested to her to huddle into a brown paper cover. She arrived about three-quarters of an hour before the afternoon service began, accompanied, apparently, by her father and mother, who, in some respects, seemed to take very much after her; and, having divested herself of a thick jacket rather lavishly adorned with "Astracan," she settled herself down in her cane-bottomed chair, in order to have what school-girls call "a good read." Had she really seemed heartily to enjoy what she was reading there might, perhaps, have been some extenuating cause for her conduct; but from the moment she opened Thackeray's novel she put on that conventional simper that some silly women "in Society" assume when they are instructed to admire something that is said to be "amusing," and retained this expression on her faded features until it was time for her to take up her highly respectable and very new Prayer Book. While Dr. Stainer was playing "I know that my Redeemer liveth," she was simpering over a picture of Jos Sedley and Becky Sharp (the latter of whom, by the way, she very much resembled), and, when her father nudged her to tell her what it was, she looked up for a moment with that pert, patronizing sniff that we so often see on certain women's faces when visiting fashionable picture galleries, and then relapsed into her novel. It certainly seems desirable that the Cathedral authorities should take some steps—at any rate by a public appeal to the better instincts of those who frequent the Cathedral—to diminish the desecration, to say the least of it, that such persons have it, at present, in their power to cause.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

B. F.

Easter Monday, 1890.

[But why had "B. F." nothing better to do, by way of "preparing himself for Canon Liddon," than watching his neighbours so minutely?—Ed. *P.M.G.*]

TO THE MEMORY OF JACK CRAWFORD.

The Earl of Camperdown yesterday unveiled a statue in Mowbray Park, Sunderland, erected as a memorial to Jack Crawford, a native of the town, who nailed Admiral Duncan's colours to the mainstop-gallant-mast of the *Venerable*, at the Battle of Camperdown, October 11, 1797. The Earl of Durham was present at the ceremony, as was the Mayor of Sunderland; and in the procession there walked 300 blue-jackets sent by the Admiralty, as well as representatives of the military and volunteer forces. It is worth while to recall that the gallant admiral was made Viscount Duncan in honour of the fight, and received a grant of £3,000 per annum for himself and his next two successors in the peerage. His son was created Earl of Camperdown in 1831.

Occasional Notes.

Mr. Matthews has been inexorable, and Richard Davies has been hanged. There should either have been two culprits on the gallows this morning or none; for, so far as public knowledge goes, it is impossible to discover any difference between the guilt of the brothers sufficient to justify a difference between life and death in their punishments. We can only hope that we are writing in the dark, and that Mr. Matthews has some knowledge—some fresh confession or new facts—which he has hitherto kept to himself. If so, he cannot put himself right with the public too soon; for as things are he will be condemned on all sides for a cowardly and illogical compromise.

So the Duke of Cambridge is really going! Lord Hartington's Commission had hinted, not obscurely, that the Commander-in-Chief ought to go, by explaining what changes should follow that event. But what everybody wanted to know was whether, and when, the Duke would take the hint. Speaking at Portsmouth yesterday, at the opening of a military exhibition, he referred to his coming departure as follows:—

He supposed he was coming very near to the end of his career, and he was glad to think that during the brief period which might be left to him the exhibition which was about to be held in London, and of which that now being held in Portsmouth formed no inconsiderable part, had been inaugurated as showing what the officers and men of the British army could do.

"Very near:" "brief period:" do these phrases point to resignation this year, or are they merely conventional allusions, in the style of Mr. Gladstone, to the fact that the Duke is now well stricken in years?

Mr. Gladstone strikes the true note in his letter to his constituents. What he has been "noting" is "the extraordinary progress which our cause has made since the election of 1886." In no way is this extraordinary progress more clearly shown than by the satisfaction expressed by the Unionists at recent by-elections. They have, it would seem, altogether abandoned any hope of doing again "as in 1886." They are beside themselves with joy whenever they can still do better—no matter by how little—than in 1885. In other words, they entirely recognize the extraordinary progress noted by Mr. Gladstone, and admit that the relative positions of the two parties is now to be measured rather by 1885, than by 1886. Four years' discussion has acclimatized the Home Rule idea. For a people like the English, who are supposed to be inhospitable to new ideas, this is quick work indeed.

There is something stronger in Russia than the autocracy of the Tzar, and that is the bureaucracy of his Ministers. The other day we recorded the Tzar's resolve to release Mdme. Tshebrikova. To-day we read in the *Times* as follows:—

Mdme. Tshebrikova has not been released, but has been transported to Penza, in the Caucasus, and placed there under strict police surveillance. She has been conveyed to her destination in a *kibitka*, or cellular carriage, without windows, and under an escort of gendarmes, rapidly driven over bad roads, and with no halts except in the open country, where there was no inn to afford her a few hours' rest; she has been abominably fed, and denied all companionship. The transportation of the high-spirited lady who dared to tell Alexander III. the truth about the condition of his Empire seems to have been accomplished under every conceivable condition of hardship.

A poetical correspondent of the *Spectator* (who signs himself "A. A.," and who, as he cannot be Alderman Arthur Arnold, is perhaps Mr. Alfred Austin) has been protesting, we see, against the Sunday band on Hampstead Heath, recently sanctioned by the County Council. The verses are so good in themselves, and put their point so well, that we quote them in full:—

Another smiting of poor Nature's cheek!
The Sunday Band, with its unceasing blare,
The halfpenny programme and the penny chair,
Greet those who flock her restful charms to seek.
Gas, roads, and railings your pure zeal bespeak,
Where once bloomed wild-flowers in the woodland air,
But here, O Guardians! stay your hand, and spare
The Sabbath calm that crowns the noisy week:
You cannot "County-Council" the blue sky,
Nor licence the sweet song of mounting lark,
But all *below*, that gladdens ear and eye,
Bears soon or late your low, unspiritual mark.
Once more, in Nature's dear behalf, we cry,—
God made the Heath: oh, make it not a Park!

For our part we feel a good deal of sympathy with A. A. in his crusade against "County-Counciling" Hampstead Heath and its recent extensions. But in this particular case his fears seem to us misplaced. The fact is, that there are two Hampstead Heaths. One is the Heath of the flag-pole, the round pond, and the donkeys. It is this part of the Heath, we presume, that will be dedicated also to the Sunday band, the halfpenny programme, and the penny chair. The other and more secluded portion of the Heath is that which is overlooked by "the Judges' Walk." From the picturesque point of view this is the pick of the whole. The broken heath in the foreground, the firs in the middle distance, the blue belt of level country stretching to the horizon, make up a landscape which is hardly less charming now than when Constable loved to paint it. By a curious process of natural selection, the profane crowd hardly ever invades this part of the Heath. One may fairly count, therefore, on "the restful charms" of the Judges' Walk being left intact even though on the other part of the Heath the Sunday Band is added to the drives and the donkeys, to the penny photographers and the applewomen.

The Easter holidays—as that phrase is understood by work-a-day England—are over, having vouchsafed a spell of the kindliest April weather—keen wind, bright sunshine, and a minimum of rain, with banks of primroses, meadows full of daffodils, and hedgerows soft with palm. Over also, along with the holidays, are the Volunteer Manœuvres. The citizen-warrior has once more exchanged arms for the toga; the clerk is back in the counting-house; the modern Gilpin—

A train-band captain eke was he
Of credit and renown—

has returned to Cheapside, and you would never guess to see him rubbing his hands behind the counter the martial ardours which have propped up his chin these four wild April days. Without the least disparagement to the manœuvres, into which every year seems to infuse a more practical spirit, it may be said that the excellent account to which they turn the brief holiday of these good people, exercising their bodies in the fresh air and their minds with something healthy and outside their everyday groove, is by no means the least valuable feature in the case. Among the other good work done by the volunteers, they seem to serve a useful end by submitting their *corpora vilia* for experiment, from which the regulars are afterwards to profit. According as John Gilpin succeeds in the task of straddling the 'cycle in the field, or hauling Maxims and Gatlings into action, Tommy Atkins may expect to be equipped likewise. Wanted, a marine volunteer force to serve the same purpose for the Navy. If trying the guns which go off backwards were part of their duties, there would be no room here for scoffing at "warriors in play."

*IS THRIFT PERNICIOUS?**

A New Departure in Political Economy.

"The Physiology of Industry" is only a small book, but it is likely to have a very considerable effect on the economic doctrines now current in England. It is an attack on certain popular theories in economics, and especially on the highly respectable doctrine that the community is benefited by the thrift of its members. This doctrine has always been more or less questioned by those classes in the community, notably tradesmen, who saw clearly enough that their interests, at any rate, were promoted by the liberal expenditure of the public. In fact, there has long been a feud between the man in the street and the man in the professorial chair. The former, conscious of facts that come home to himself, has always insisted that extravagance is good for trade; while the latter, pinning his faith to abstract theories, has tried to convince the world that the man who saves most is the greatest benefactor of the community in general and of the working classes in particular. Now at length two thoughtful writers, approaching the study of economic phenomena from a purely scientific standpoint, and laying bare all the viscera of industry with the emotionless calm of hardened vivisectors, come forward and tell us that the man in the street is right and the professor wrong.

The "orthodox" view with regard to the supreme virtue of saving really rests on the wage-fund theory. If this theory were true, the whole thing would be simple enough. Labourers, it says, are supported out of capital; capital is the result of saving; and therefore, if the well-to-do do not save, there will be no fund for the labourers to live upon. But even professors now know that this is a grotesquely incorrect account of industrial phenomena. They know that the labourer is maintained out of the product of his own labour, that before he draws a penny of wages he has already given a full equivalent, and something over, in the utilities he has created, and that, consequently, his wages do not for an instant diminish the capital of his employer. But Messrs. Mummery and Hobson go further than this, and show that it is the pernicious habit of thrift which leads to the destruction of capital.

This is a hard pill for the Smilesian man, but Messrs. M. and H. will force him to swallow it. At any given moment, they say, there is a certain amount of capital, in the form of buildings and machinery, required to keep up the average production of the country. Suppose that, owing to the eloquence of temperance preachers or the energy of provident societies, the spending habits of the community decline. Fewer goods are now required, and consequently less machinery is wanted to produce them. It will follow that the owners of capital, having no use for their mills and machines, will allow them to fall into ruin. In brief, part of the capital of the country is destroyed because, as it is no longer required, it is worth no one's while to maintain it. And in this there is nothing paradoxical. For, after all, capital only exists to help us to produce commodities, and if the commodities are not wanted there is no reason why more capital should be created, and every reason why the superfluous stock should be reduced.

In the same way it is clear that the capital of the country is increased by a liberal expenditure on the part of the public. For, in order to meet the increased demand, new mills must be built, new machinery laid down, new land put under plough, new railways opened. It is in this way that we are able to explain the marvellous expansion of trade that followed the Franco-German war. The tremendous consumption and destruction of wealth by the contending armies led to an immense increase in the demand for most of the forms of wealth, and for the machinery necessary to make them. The prosperity thus engendered in particular trades led to an increased demand for the commodities manufactured in all other trades. And thus the beneficial influence was spread throughout the whole community. It is in fact indisputable that war is a relief to a nation suffering from commercial depression. Whether civilized nations are justified in resorting to such a barbarous expedient is another question, and the object of the book under review is to show that such expedients would be unnecessary, and economically altogether harmful, if all individuals only spent their incomes freely instead of saving them.

Unfortunately in this matter the interest of the individual and that of the community are at present directly at variance. It is the interest of the community that every one should spend as freely as possible; it is the interest of the individual by careful economy to guard himself against the danger of distress in sickness and old age, and to preserve his children from destitution after his death. This he can do with perfect ease. By eating less butter to-day he can acquire a lien on the community which will entitle his heirs to an equivalent amount of butter fifty years hence. But the community cannot do this. The butter that is not eaten to-day is for ever wasted, and the whole of the butter-making plant will to that extent go out of use. The individual, however, can save indefinitely, because he can always lend his surplus income to bankers and other persons who will convert it into capital, in order to make a profit out of it. This they may be able to do without satisfying any new demand, provided that they can oust some other producer, who is already satisfying the whole of the existing demand. Consequently the habit of saving leads to the possibility of *general* overproduction. Nor is it true that it tends to cure itself. For the manufacturer does not begin to spend more liberally when he sees his profits falling off. On the contrary, he curtails his expenditure in every possible way. Moreover, as soon as he can, he cuts down his workmen's wages, and thus they too are compelled to reduce their expenditure, and the market is still further restricted. Finally, he has to stop production altogether, amid the misery of his employés, who find that their thrift, and the thrift of their fellows, has landed them in compulsory idleness.

Now, what is the practical outcome of all this? Clearly that the community is wrong in trying to encourage thrift among its members. For example, our fiscal system is based on utterly false principles. Instead of taxing commodities we ought to draw the whole of our revenue from taxes on realized property. Similarly, instead of urging the working classes to save up against their old age, it would be far better to encourage them to spend the whole of their earnings, and to guarantee them a comfortable maintenance when they are too old to work any longer.

This brief summary will, it is hoped, give some idea of the main argument of the little book before us. But incidental to this argument are several other matters on which unfortunately we have not space to enlarge. For example, there is an ingenious suggestion of a Law of the Limiting Requisite, which determines the share of the product which shall go to each of the three co-producing elements—land, labour, and capital. In this connection, by the way, the two authors point out the salutary effect on wages that would result from an Eight Hours Act, provided it was international. It cannot be claimed that the theories in this book are absolutely new. On the contrary, as was said above, the man in the street has always taken up much the same position. But what Messrs. Mummery and Hobson have done is to put into scientific language, and to support with scientific arguments, the unreasoned convictions of the tradesman and artisan. Much of the ground, it is true, had already been prepared by the writings of Ruskin and Henry George. Unfortunately, however, the really sound conclusions of these writers have foolishly been discounted by the public, because of the humanitarian feeling which so evidently lies behind them. Messrs. Mummery and Hobson have no feelings and no political views. They simply analyze industrial phenomena and give us the results of their analysis. But it is not unlikely that this cold-blooded analysis will have a greater influence on current economic faiths than even "Progress and Poverty" and "Unto This Last."

* "The Physiology of Industry: being an Exposure of Certain Fallacies in Existing Theories of Economics." By A. F. Mummery and J. A. Hobson. (London: John Murray.)

LIONS IN THEIR DENS.

No. DCCCXCIV.—Mr. Hatchard Chickling at Temple Flats.

To get to Mr. Hatchard Chickling's place you have only to rise a flight or two, avail yourself of a friendly lift, and after a little hall there you are. It seems a commanding eminence from which Mr. Chickling looks down upon his fellow-men; but in fact he is only raised above their heads by a few stories. You are received by a young man who but twenty years ago was rocked in an Algerian cradle, but whose name even then was a household word among a select circle of Anglo-Algerians. It may be safely predicted that the words which he lisped even at that early age will be repeated as long as the English language is spoken. The eyes of this celebrity from overseas are ultramarine, and harmonize, like the colour of his politics, with the blouse in which he works. Tenacity is indicated by a good deal of jaw, but you detect a certain hollowness in his youthful cheek. Though scarcely more than a child, he is already something of a Childe Harold; and a precocious conversance with the seamy side of life has imparted to him a good many wrinkles. As the door opens you catch sight of a notice pasted on it—"To Publishers: A Classic While you Wait." The floor is thick as leaves in Vallombrosa with beseeching letters from editors, and the Oriental prayer-mats with which it is carpeted have been worn threadbare by their personal entreaties. Glancing at the walls, you see that they are papered with laudatory reviews. "This pattern is very cheap in some kinds of paper," explains Mr. Chickling, with his obliging frankness. "I got it from a sort of co-operative society which I have joined. There's lots more of it to come." And he shows a basketful in proof. The decorations are completed by an array of fans from the Eastern bazaars and from the more accidental emporia of Westbourne-grove, and a Chippendale cupboard in the corner allows just a glimpse of a most interesting skeleton.

Mr. Chickling, who is smoking incense out of a hubble-bubble, wears a turban pushed over the back of his head, as if even that slight constraint were irksome to those marble temples bursting with unpublished columns. Thus attired you are at loss to decide whether Mr. Chickling looks most like an Algerian Dey or an Arabian knight. Several maps hang on the wall, and, pointing to one of the Environs of Jericho, "It is a lovely place: I wish you were there to enjoy its beauties," he murmurs with that infantile naïveté which at times relieves his almost oppressive intellectuality. Then, producing a leather-covered flask which reminds you that he is a *bona fide* traveller, Mr. Chickling seeks to offer you some refreshment. "It's empty," he says, with a ring of pathos in his voice.

You turn to examine the quaint specimen of Double Dutch marquetry which Mr. Chickling happily terms his intelligence bureau, a thing made up of dovetails and pigeon-holes. Docketed in separate partitions are "Sonnets," "Three Volume Novels," "Five Act Tragedies," &c. There is a drawer for art, and one for letters; lightly glancing over the latter you find that several from distinguished persons happen to be on the top. You notice an incongruous medley of other contents: a magazine-rifle, with which Mr. Chickling has been having a shot at some of the monthlies, and a Maxim gun side by side with a Dictionary of Quotations. A bottle of French polish, cheek by jowl with a volume of Voltaire, shows the source of Mr. Chickling's brilliant style; while his travels in the East are recalled by the ink-pot, filled with Indian ink, and the cards with which he sometimes plays an Indian rubber. Then there is strange fishing-tackle gathered from the most diverse sources (for Mr. Chickling does a good deal of fishing); reels from the Highlands and flies from behind the scenes. But the most interesting curio which Mr. Chickling shows you is a little collection of green tickets, bearing mysterious inscriptions referring to some secret pledge. "I would not readily part with these," he exclaims, with emotion. "I had them from my uncle, in the days before my prosperity." And for a moment you fancy that the hue of the mysterious tokens is reflected in a brimming eye.

Next you are shown Mr. Chickling's library—an assortment of the best classics of ancient and modern times. Mr. Chickling does not hesitate to acknowledge his indebtedness to these predecessors. "Something I have borrowed from Addison," he remarks, "but I would never condescend to Steele. You can do a lot, too, with Sir Thomas Browne and Bradshaw, if you find the right line," he adds, quaintly. A copy of "Warren on Police Drill" is also lying about; and there are a few Constables on the walls, of which he is very proud. Before Mr. Chickling's advent, the police were treated as a collective force. He it is who described the individual pulse with its distinctive beat.

One of the windows commands a view of Cleopatra's Needle, with the river slipping past it like a thread. From the other Mr. Chickling watches, with a cynical eye, crowded London surging against the railings, and cabs running over people. It is these hackneyed subjects that he loves. Both windows open with a broad Turkish sash. "I like to see the blacks coming in and settling around one," he explains; "it reminds me of old Algerian days." And at both a large placard "To Let," is put up as blind. For Mr. Chickling seeks solitude. While other authors borrow from the men around them, he prefers to advance a loan, all to himself. In this respect he does not give himself enough credit. Even in his society novels it is his own society which he draws. You ask him if he cares for music. He hands you a horn—his own. "I used to blow this sometimes," he says, "but now I get my friends to play it for me."

Asked how he became a genius. "Oh, easily enough," he says, lightly. "The composing-room was my nursery, for my father was a Government printer at the Court of Algiers; and so strong is the imprint which he has left upon my character, that to-day all my types are from that fount. My tutor was a dean, who used to talk in Chapters, a bookmaker, who swore that he would make a better. Brought up on copy-books, I now find editors scrambling for the copy and publishers jostling for the books. Printer's ink was mixed with the milk in my infant bottle, and it has worked itself out in 'Plain Tales and Hill Stories.'" The forthcoming work for which the public is clamouring—"Greenbut Maturin" and the "Boom of the Nine Days"—he gaily said that they would yet come into the hands of the butterman. He comes of a family of geniuses, of which, with his usual modesty, he confesses himself to be the youngest. Work is his aim, not pelf: and his literary craft is of that sort which, even if you stop the screw, will forge ahead till he receives a final check. He is not afraid of writing himself out—indeed, with his last work that course was repeated three or four times.

The attempt of some critics to place Mr. Chickling on a level with Shakspeare is perhaps exaggerated praise. But his great temptation lies in the dramatic line. While he feels a "Hamlet" or a "Macbeth" struggling within him, he has definitely embraced another, and perhaps a higher style of writing, which employs his pen in the Constitutional cause, and which has already made him the idol of the Tories and set the World singing his praises. He himself feels the danger of having a superfluity of oil in his literary salad-days. It is reported that when he first landed in England, a few brief weeks ago, a special train was required to convey the competing editors to the port of his arrival. But we must bid Mr. Hatchard Chickling farewell. "There," he says as he presents you with a parting light for your cigar, "puff away, old fellow," So you do, and here is the result.

BISMARCK'S PENSION.

Prince Bismarck's pension amounts to only 18,000 marks, or not quite £900 per annum. It must, however, be remembered that he has received very handsome gifts in the shape of land and money, and that he has spent but very little during the last twenty years.—*Vanity Fair.*

Bord's Pianos.—25 per cent. discount for cash, or 10s. per month (Second-hand 10s. 6d. per month) on the three years' system. Illustrated List free of CHAS. STILES and CO.,162 SOUTHAMPTON-ROW, Mid. square, W.C. Pianos exchanged.

RUSSIAN AND INDIAN FINANCES COMPARED

A few weeks ago, when noticing the French Budget, we compared some of the more notable financial and commercial statistics of France and the United Kingdom. The Russian Empire in its vastness, in its great and backward population, and in its chronic financial difficulties resembles the British Empire in India. Both countries, after a series of deficits, claim to be beginning a cycle of surpluses; both countries spend enormous sums on their armies, though Russia gets five times as many fighting men, besides reservists, for the same outlay as India; both countries continue to increase their army expenditure; both have an extraordinary Budget outside the revenue of the year, most of the extraordinary expenditure in Russia and the whole of it in India being devoted to railway or irrigation works; and both countries are this year defraying their extraordinary charges from Treasury balances and not from loans. India gets eight and a half millions of opium revenue from China and eight millions from salt revenue, while Russia abolished her salt tax ten years ago. Russia's drink revenue is five times as large as India's; and her Customs revenue is seventeen times as large, for in India trade is more free from Customs burdens than in any great country of the world. Indeed the reduction of Customs duties on luxuries has been carried further than Indians themselves approve, or than economists like the late Mr. Fawcett deemed wise. The people of India, if they could vote their own fiscal arrangements, would assuredly substitute moderate Customs duties for a part of the salt duties and for the income tax. Russia's yearly charge for the public debt is five times as high as India's, and India can borrow money at 3 per cent., while Russia has to pay 4½ per cent. in the markets of the world. If we convert the paper rouble and the rupee alike at two shillings, the principal statistics of Russia and India compare as follows:—

	Russia.		British India.
Population	110,000,000	.....	210,000,000
Revenue	£85,850,000	.....	£85,000,000
Ordinary expenditure	88,750,000	.....	84,750,000
Surplus of 1890	110,000	.....	270,000
Extraordinary expenditure	5,781,000	.....	3,750,000
Total saving charges	26,000,000	.....	23,000,000
Charge for public debt	20,500,000	.....	4,000,000
Dividend on sterling debt at present prices	4½ per cent.	.....	3 per cent.
Public works charges	£6,500,000	.....	£7,000,000
Education grant	1,350,000	.....	2,256,000
Length of open railway	17,693 miles	.....	16,000 miles
Gross earnings of railways	£30,000,000	.....	£20,500,000
Proportion of working expenses of railways to gross earnings	57 per cent.	.....	50 per cent.
Value of export and import trade by sea and land, exclusive of bullion	£110,000,000 (approximate)	.....	£130,000,000
Land revenue, including redemption of serfs	15,500,000	.....	23,500,000
Excise revenue	25,500,000	.....	4,750,000
Customs revenue	25,250,000	.....	1,500,000
Stamps and registration	4,000,000	.....	4,250,000
Tobacco and sugar duty	4,500,000	.....	—
Trade and income tax	4,500,000	.....	1,500,000
Post office and telegraph receipts	3,100,000	.....	2,200,000
Forest revenue	1,500,000	.....	1,500,000
Opium revenue	—	.....	8,250,000
Salt revenue	—	.....	6,000,000

Russian and Indian finances are in many respects alike; but in comparative freedom from debt, in the bulk of her trade, and in lightness of taxation, India is better off than Russia, the heavy salt tax being the only exceptional item under which India is clearly at a disadvantage compared with the neighbouring Eurasian power of Russia.

The Ladies' Corner.

A HOSPITAL FOR SICK GENTLEWOME''.

In these days of philanthropic activity, and institutions of every kind, it seems almost impossible to believe that any useful or necessary end could be served by an increase of these latter; and the proposal for another hospital would probably meet with a good deal of opposition. If, however, the matter is carefully considered it will be found that a distinct want exists in the direction of a hospital for sick gentlewomen who are obliged to earn their daily bread. An unmarried woman who lives in lodgings falls ill, and is informed by her doctor that she must have a few months' proper nursing. Now, what are her alternatives? Either she must go as a free patient into the general ward of a hospital (and, without wishing in the least to disparage hospitals, which do admirable work, it is quite certain that a refined woman, if she know anything of them, will hesitate a good deal before she adopts this course), or she will enter one of the paying hospitals, where for £1 1s. per week and upwards she can obtain a certain amount of privacy. Now, £1 1s. a week for food, medical attention, and nursing is of course little enough; but it is a very serious affair to a woman who for the time being is unable to earn anything. She may have saved £10 that year, it is true, and be able to pay her guinea a week; but she comes out of the hospital perhaps too weak to resume her work immediately, and finds herself penniless. What is wanted is an institution where ladies could obtain proper nursing and medical advice in sickness by paying *all the year round* a certain amount weekly or monthly, as is the method in provident dispensaries. Most working ladies, however poor, would manage to put away 6*d.* or 9*d.* a week if they had the certainty of a refuge in sickness, where they would get proper attention, while at the same time preserving their independence. Everybody can see that there is an immense difference between paying £1 1s. a week for several months and paying a regular contribution of 6*d.* a week when in work. These contributions might amount to a fair income, and, as some subscribers might never happen to be ill, their money would go to the good; still the thing could not be self-supporting. But there is no possible objection to its being endowed, and the lady who wishes to find a useful and philanthropic channel for her wealth might do worse than start a home where ladies whose lives are spent in self-denying and heroic toil could be kindly and skilfully nursed.

TO-DAY'S NEW BOOKS.

[Publishers would greatly oblige by stating the prices of books. Any notices under this head do not preclude further review should such seem to be necessary.]

BENDALL, GERALD. "Ivy and Passion Flower." (William Heinemann.)
[A volume of verse. Cloth. Pp. 104.]

CAMPBELL, SIR GILBERT, Bart. "Stung by a Saint." (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)
[A story in one volume. Paper covers. Pp. 167. Price 1*s.*]

"RAMBLES about Bath and Its Neighbourhood." (Isaac Pitman and Son.)
[A revised and illustrated edition of Dr. Tunstall's popular work. Cloth. Pp. xvi., 360.]

"SADI: Gulistan or Flower-Garden: Translated with an Essay by James Ross." (Walter Scott.)
[A volume of the Camelot Series. Mr. Charles Sayle contributes an article, and is presumably responsible for the reprint. Cloth. Pp. viii., 312. Price 1*s.*]

SALWEY, REGINALD E. "Wildwater Terraces." (Digby and Long.)
[A novel in two volumes.]

SAXBY, JESSIE M. E. "West-Nor'-West." (James Nisbet and Co.)
[Cloth. Pp. 154. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*]

STEPHEN, LESLIE, AND SIDNEY LEE (Editors). "Dictionary of National Biography." (Smith, Elder, and Co.)
[The twenty-second volume, extending from Glover to Gravet. It contains few important articles; but Goldsmith (Leslie Stephen), Gordon (Colonel Veitch), P. H. Gosse (Edmund Gosse), and Gower (S. Lee) may be mentioned. The Glovers, Godfreys, Godwins, Goodwins, Gordons, Grahams, and Grants occupy most of the volume. Cloth. Pp. 449. Price 15*s.* 6*d.*]

TUCKEY, C. LLOYD, M.D. "Psycho-Therapeutics; or, Treatment by Hypnotism and Suggestion." (Baillière, Tindall, and Co.)
[Second edition, revised and enlarged. Cloth. Pp. xii., 190.]

VALLINGS, HAROLD. "The Quality of Mercy; A Tale of Slumberly Quamp." (Gardner and Co.)
[Two vols.]

WEST, CLARION. "Demas: or, The Windings of a Pastor's Life." (Manchester: Brook and Chrystal.)
[Cloth. Pp. viii., 368.]

WHITE, Major G. F. "Lucinda." (Ward and Downey.)
[Three vols.]

C. BRANDAUER and CO.'S Circular Pointed Pens write as smoothly as a lead pencil, and neither scratch nor corrupt, the points being rounded by a new process. Seven Prize Medals awarded. Assorted sample box 6*d.*, post free for 7 stamps from *C. Brandauer and Co.'s Pen Works, Birmingham.*

PRINCE BISMARCK ON ENGLISH AND GERMAN.

Do improved means of communication between countries increase their knowledge of each other? Some interesting remarks by Bismarck on this subject are recounted by Sir Rowland Blennerhassett in this month's *Nineteenth Century*. "It is twenty-five years," says Sir Rowland, "since I had the honour of being first presented to Prince Bismarck, but the conversation I then had with him made such an impression that, though followed by many others, not a word of it has faded from my memory. Various subjects were discussed. Speaking of England, he expressed the opinion which I know he has not changed, that, although more Englishmen than ever learn German, the ignorance of Germany in this country was greater than ever. Those who had acquired the German language did not use it for the purpose of studying literature and trying to understand the German mind. He did not believe that the work of any considerable German poet, from the Parzival of Wolfram von Eschenbach to the songs and ballads of Uhland, was at all widely or properly appreciated in England. 'Nations,' he said, 'have not yet been drawn closer together since locomotion has become more easy. . . . This is a melancholy reflection. In the days of my youth a certain number of English used to come here and stay some time amongst us. Now they fly like woodcocks across the Continent. No English leading public man has anything like the knowledge of Germany Carteret possessed a hundred years since.'"

SHELLEY AND THE CLASSICS.

At the last meeting of the Shelley Society a paper was read (says the *Academy*) by Mr. William Cory, on "Shelley's Classics," avowedly written from the standpoint of a classical scholar to whom "for nearly half his years of discretion Shelley has been a wearisome, disappointing versifier, a writer with a very slender outfit of thought and very little art or skill." As the result of a recent study of Mr. Buxton Forman's edition, Mr. Cory was able to point out various errors in Shelley's Greek, "such as a schoolboy escapes from after two or three years of even the stupidest routine." As regards the poet's classical attainments, "he had a gentleman's acquaintance with the two languages and with two literatures, and would have got on pretty well in rivalry of display with Sam Rogers, Landor, Dean Herbert, Lord Grenville, Byron; *not* with Sir Robert Peel, Edward Earl Derby, Sir Francis Doyle, Macaulay, Hallam." It was Shelley's misfortune at Eton to be the pupil of the dullest tutor of his time; there is nothing to indicate that he attended any good classical lectures at the University; and it may be gathered from his letters that after leaving Oxford he never was near a good library or sojourned in the house of a cultivated travelled gentleman. The Greek authors with whom he was most conversant were Homer, Plato, Æschylus, Euripides. It is to be regretted that he did not also become familiar with Herodotus, Sophocles, and Aristophanes. Of Virgil, Cicero, Horace, and the Latin writers in general, he seems to have known but little. He hated Latinity, because his tyrants drenched him with it. It is worthy of note, however, that the commencement of the famous chorus in "Hellas"—"the world's great age begins anew"—is derived from Virgil's "Magnus ab integro saeculorum nascitur ordo." The reading of the paper was followed by a discussion.

SHAKSPEARE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

For the following tale the *Publishers' Circular* is responsible:—"A lady went recently into a bookseller's shop to purchase a present for her husband. She hovered round and manifested the usual indecision, whereupon the assistant in charge, to help her out of the difficulty, suggested a set of Shakspeare. The would-be purchaser met this proposal, however, with the prompt remark, 'Oh! he read that when it first came out.' We make haste to add that this happened in America."

"WANTED ARUNDELS."

"Nearly a year ago," writes "G. L. B." in the *Toynbee Record* for April, "we were given about twenty of the Arundel Society's reproductions. These were framed and lent in batches of five or six to different Board schools with which we are connected, and where the teachers undertook to explain them by degrees to the children. The results of the experiments have been very successful. The children have been delighted with the figures and colours of the pictures, and the stories of those whom they represented; and, as they have gradually come to recognize the quaint way in which the old painter told his tale, a rich and strange faculty has been developed in them—the art of picture-reading. The writer has visited the National Gallery lately with several parties of these children, and has been exceedingly struck at the keen pleasure that a boy or girl of thirteen can thus feel. The conclusion of the whole matter is that we want more—as many more as our friends will give us or get us."

IS LITERATURE LUCRATIVE?

Is literature a lucrative profession? Dr. Edward Eggleston, himself a successful American author, was reported to have said that "there is not a single American author who really makes an income out of his books." Whereupon the Philadelphia *Press* gathered the opinions of some of the most successful American writers upon this topic. Charles Dudley Warner says: "There have been three or four cases of American authors who have made large and living incomes out of their books. In some cases the books have been good literature, in others very mediocre and poor; but these cases are exceptional. As a rule, the author gets only a small return out of his books, and it is pretty safe to say that no author could live by his books alone." Dr. Eggleston says: "Of course, I did not say anything so preposterous as the words attributed to me. What I did say before a Congressional Committee was that I did not know any author who had acquired a *competence* by literary work, *properly so-called.*" I proceeded to exclude school books, editing and the purveying of sensational matter not properly literature. For many years I have been accustomed to warn young men off from beginning a literary career, because so few of the literary workers ever attain a competency." Mr. Howells says: "The sum of it is: be an author if that is your love and your life, but rather be anything else if you wish first to make money." Mr. George W. Cable thus describes his own experience: "I have no source of revenue whatever except my literary work and the reading of my pages on the public platform. I could live upon the sale of my manuscripts and books alone if I had to, although I have a large family."

MR. J. A. SYMONDS ON TOYNBEE HALL.

The *Toynbee Record* publishes the following interesting letter which Mr. John Addington Symonds sent the other day with a paper to be read to the Elizabethan Literary Society which meets at Toynbee Hall:—

At the end of my lecture I should like to say a few words to you from myself. I sympathize deeply with your work at Toynbee Hall. I congratulate you heartily on the success you have achieved. Your association for objects of study, of athletic exercise, of foreign travel, seems to me one of the best and brightest signs of our complex modern civilization. It is worthy of the noble man whose name you bear, and whom it was my privilege in former days to know. It only grieves me that I cannot meet you face to face, to address you with my own voice, and take part occasionally in your smoking conferences. I utter the last regret because I am a devotee of the pipe. I have always found it conducive to good fellowship and sober thinking when friends meet for such exciting topics as political and social problems. It has been my fate for the last twelve years to be almost entirely isolated in this distant Alpine valley, where I am now writing. I have done my best to maintain intellectual activity by historical studies, by literary work, and miscellaneous reading. But I sorely miss the clash of mind with equal mind, the vitalizing and exhilarating contact of men engaged in the same pursuits as myself. It seems to me that a man must inevitably rust among these silent snows and sombre pine-woods. It is impossible that I should not have lost touch with young men like you, who are moving in the main currents of the great world. Pardon me, then, if what I have written to be read to you smacks of antiquity and obsolete tradition on one hand, or of a solitary's vain imaginings on the other. Accept the will to serve and consider the deed. Believe that according to my poor capacity, I will respond to calls you make for dissertations like the one I send you now. From the mountains of the Grisons I stretch forth my hand to you in London.

A STRANGE SCOTTISH SUPERSTITION.

At the last meeting of the Scottish Antiquarian society in Edinburgh, the Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Nether Lochaber, read a paper on fire superstitions, in which he mentioned that a correspondent, while in a remote glen in Wigtownshire last March, saw a slight smoke proceeding from a hollow. On proceeding to a bank above he saw five women passing a sick child through a fire. Two of the women, standing opposite each other held a blazing hoop vertically between them, and two others standing on either side of the hoop were engaged in passing the child backwards and forwards through the opening of the hoop. The fifth woman, who was the mother of the child, stood at a little distance earnestly looking on. After the child had been eighteen times passed and repassed through the fiery circle it was returned to its mother, and the burning hoop was thrown into a pool of water close by. The child, which was about eighteen months old, was a weakling, and was supposed to have come under the baleful influence of an evil eye. The sun had been twisted round with a straw rope, in which a few drops of oil were scattered to make it burn all round at the same time. The child was passed through the hoop once for each month of its age. When the child was taken home a bunch of bog myrtle was suspended over its bed.

NOTICES.

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Announcements of Births, Marriages, and Deaths are inserted for 5s. each.

SAVOY THEATRE.—Proprietor and Manager, R. D'OYLY CARTE. THIS (Tuesday) EVENING, at 8.30, the entirely original Comic Opera in Two Acts, entitled THE GONDOLIERS. By W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Doors open at 8. MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Doors open at 2. Box-office open daily from 10 a.m. till 11 p.m.

NIXIE.—New play by Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT and STEPHEN TOWNESEND. THIS and EVERY AFTERNOON (except Saturdays), at 2.30. Mesdames Helen Forsyth, Ruth Rutland, Caroline Ewell, Charlotte Morland, Lucy Welding, &c. Messrs. Lewis Waller, Julian Cross, Walter Russell, William Herbert, &c. Seats can now be booked.—TERRY'S THEATRE.

OPERA COMIQUE.—Lessee, F. J. HARRIS.
Under the Management of H. GUYES LOVEDAY.
EVERY EVENING at 8, SATURDAYS at 2.30.
LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.
SHIEL BARRY, CHARLES ASHFORD, and VIOLET CAMERON
SPECIAL MATINEE TO-MORROW (Wednesday), 2.30 p.m.
Box-office open 10 to 5. Business Manager, Mr. WILLIAM HOGARTH.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—EASTER TUESDAY.—SUCCI, who is doing a fast of forty days, and has had no food for twenty-two days, will receive the Holiday Visitors from 10 a.m. until 11.30 p.m. all day. He is watched day and night by Doctors, Pressmen, and Laymen. Admission, One Shilling. Succi lost 21 lb. 6oz. up to the eighteenth day, but his muscular strength remains almost normal.

ROYAL AQUARIUM. EASTER TUESDAY.—GRAND DAY and NIGHT CARNIVAL. The Entertainment will positively start at 11 a.m., and terminate at 11.30 p.m. Doors open at 10 a.m. The Mammoth Programme will include Zazo, the sensation of Europe, and Ella Zazel and Lulu, the inimitable Performers on the lofty wire (160 feet long and 80 feet high). Admission One Shilling. Children Sixpence.

ROYAL AQUARIUM THEATRE. (Entrance from Tothill-street and Royal Aquarium.)—ELECTRIC SUCCESS of T. A. KENNEDY, MESMERIST, KING LAUGHMAKER of the WORLD. 120 Laughs in 120 minutes. Twice Daily, at 4.15 and 8.15. Admission One Shilling.

MADAME TUSSAUD AND SONS' EXHIBITION. GRAND ATTRACTIONS for the EASTER HOLIDAYS. Latest additions. Portrait Models of H. M. STANLEY, EMIN PASHA, P. P. BARNUM, J. BURNS, G. A. SALA, and over 400 Portrait Models of the celebrities of the world. Music throughout the day. Grand Orchestra, Organ, Swiss Band, &c.

MADAME TUSSAUD and SONS' EXHIBITION.—Life-size and realistic scene from Robinson Crusoe, modelled and arranged by John T. Tussaud, great-grandson of the original Mdme. Tussaud.

MADAME TUSSAUD and SONS' EXHIBITION.—Figures of the CREWE MURDERERS, Richard and George Davies, now added to the Chamber of Horrors.

MADAME TUSSAUD and SONS EXHIBITION open from 8 A.M. to 10 P.M. Admission 1s. Children under 12, 6d. Extra Rooms 6d.

NIAGARA IN LONDON. COLOSSAL PANORAMA OF THE GREAT FALLS. Lounge, Music, Stereoscopic Views of Niagara, Cheap Restaurant. Fogs defeated. Electric Light. Building properly warmed. Admission 1s. Tickets at libraries and hotels. No fees. 10 to 16—YORK STREET, WESTMINSTER, St. James's Park Station. Second Year. One Million Visitors.

ART GALLERIES.

SPORTS AND ARTS EXHIBITION.—GROSVENOR GALLERY, NEW BOND-STREET, W. Ten to Seven. Will CLOSE April 15. Admission 1s.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.—FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of MODERN PICTURES. OPEN DAILY from March 31st to May 8th. Ten to Six. HUMPHREY'S MANSIONS, KNIGHTSBRIDGE (opposite the Barracks).

TUDOR EXHIBITION.—Patron, H.M. the QUEEN; Vice-Patron, H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES. NOW OPEN. (Last week. Will CLOSE April 12th.) NEW GALLERY, REGENT-STREET. 10 to 6. Admission 1s. Hon. HAROLD DILLON, Secretary.

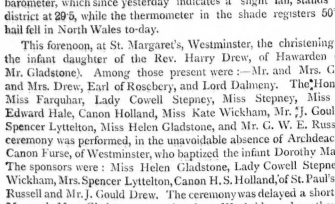
HOTEL LIST.

LONDON.—The HOTEL ALBEMARLE, corner of Albemarle-street and Piccadilly. NOW OPEN.—This palatial Hotel is Now Open for the reception of Visitors. It is fitted in the most luxurious style, and is one of the most select Hotels in Europe. Cuisine and Wines of the highest class. The Hotel Albemarle is under the personal management of the Proprietor, Mr. A. L. NICOLE.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—ROYAL KENTISH HOTEL.—Largest, best appointed, admirably situated, facing the Common, close to Chalybeate Springs and Parade. Cuisine excellent, Wines choice. Table d'Hôte (separate tables). Inclusive terms from 12s. per day. Tariff of Manager.

WEATHER FORECAST ISSUED AT 11 A.M. TO-DAY.

South England (with London and Channel).—North-westerly winds, fresh or strong; some cold passing showers, bright intervals.



Readings by NEGRETTI and ZAMBRA'S *Instruments.*

FOURTH EDITION.

Pall Mall Gazette Office,

2, NORTHUMBERLAND-STREET, STRAND, W.C.

Snow fell in London this morning at about eleven o'clock, and lasted for about a quarter of an hour, being followed by some hail and rain, and then by bright sunshine. The weather is, indeed, altogether phenomenal. In the early morning there was the very brightest sunshine, although there was a very cold, and biting wind, veering from north-east to north-west. Meanwhile the barometer, which since yesterday indicates a slight fall, stands in the Strand district at 29·5, while the thermometer in the shade registers 50°. Snow and hail fell in North Wales to-day.

This forenoon, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the christening took place of the infant daughter of the Rev. Harry Drew, of Hawarden (son-in-law of Mr. Gladstone). Among those present were:—Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. and Mrs. Drew, Earl of Rosebery, and Lord Dalmeny. The Hon. Mrs. Bertie, Miss Farquhar, Lady Cowell Stepney, Miss Stepney, Miss Buxton, Mr. Edward Hale, Canon Holland, Miss Kate Wickham, Mr. J. Gould Drew, Mrs. Spencer Lyttelton, Miss Helen Gladstone, and Mr. G. W. E. Russell, &c. The ceremony was performed, in the unavoidable absence of Archdeacon Farrar, by Canon Furse, of Westminster, who baptized the infant Dorothy Mary Catherine. The sponsors were: Miss Helen Gladstone, Lady Cowell Stepney, Miss Kate Wickham, Mrs. Spencer Lyttelton, Canon H. S. Holland, of St. Paul's; Mr. G. W. E. Russell and Mr. J. Gould Drew. The ceremony was delayed a short time to allow Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone to arrive from Weybridge, where they had been on a visit to Admiral Egerton, and they are leaving town again this afternoon for Aston Clinton. It was at St. Margaret's, Westminster, that the Rev. Harry and Mrs. Drew were married in February, 1886. Mrs. Gladstone wore a magnificent dress of dark blue velvet with bonnet to match, and carried a lovely bouquet of varied hothouse blooms.

A large party of English Catholics is expected to start late to-night on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The expedition, which has been organized under the direction of the Catholic Union, consists of some seventy persons, among whom are the Right Rev. Mgr. Allen, the Bishop of Clifton, Miss Edith Clifford, Mrs. Mortimer Collier, Miss Collier, the Lady Margaret Howard, Major-General the Lord Ralph Kerr, C.B., the Count Louis Lubienski and her Duke of Norfolk, who has taken, we believe, a deep interest in the pilgrimage. The pilgrims will be addressed this evening at six o'clock by Cardinal Manning at the pro-Cathedral, when they will receive the Cardinal's blessing, and it is expected they will start from Victoria afterwards. Arrangements have been made for their reception at Marseilles on the 11th inst., on which occasion they will assist at mass at the Sanctuary of Notre Dame de la Garde. Each pilgrim will receive on his departure and return a plenary indulgence from the Pope. The travelling arrangements have been made by the well-known firm of Cook and Son, whose agents will meet the pilgrims at Marseilles, Alexandria, and Jaffa, and take entire charge of the trips to the Holy places intended to be visited. A special programme of devotions has been drawn up for every day during the voyage on shipboard and throughout the Holy Land, and these will be under the direction of the Bishop of Clifton.

We hear with great regret of the death, from influenza, of Mr. A. B. M'Glashen, the youngest partner in the publishing house of Messrs. Black, of Edinburgh. Mr. M'Glashen, though a young man, was a well-known figure in the great world of books, and had travelled over the face of the globe in the interests of the famous house which he represented. Australia, New Zealand, America, and Canada were familiar hunting-grounds to him, and no one knew better than the shrewd and stalwart young Scotchman the literary tastes of the English-speaking races across the seas. In his travels Mr. M'Glashen had picked up many new ideas with regard to publishing, and though plentifully imbued with Scotch prudence he was eager to put some of them to the test. Had he lived, Mr. M'Glashen would have had charge of the London house which the Messrs. Black are about to start in the metropolis, and he was looking forward with much eagerness to his new work.

Essex on Saturday and yesterday was in a state of great excitement owing to the trial trip of Mr. Mackenzie's coach "The Rocket," which made the journey from London to Colchester and back in six hours, at an average rate of more than ten miles an hour. The horses were changed at Leyton, Mountnessing, Chelmsford, Witham, and Kelvedon. In the penultimate stage they seemed to fly along the road. Everywhere, both in London, where a circuitous route by Regent's Park, Camden Town, Holloway, and Clapton was adopted, and in the country towns and villages, the appearance of the coach created a most excellent enthusiasm. The splendid team of chestnuts which run the first stage from London obtained the first medal at the Olympia; but the whole of the horses are magnificent animals. As the Postmaster-General is advertising for tenders to convey the mails by road from London to Ipswich, Mr. Mackenzie might contract for their conveyance. Mr. Fownes senior, and Mr. Edwin K. Fownes handled the ribbons with their accustomed adroitness. It seems probable that we are on the eve of a coaching revival on a larger scale than the mere pleasure excursions round London initiated some years ago by Charlie Hoare, who has found so many imitators.

Mr. Morton's zealous efforts notwithstanding, the House of Commons can scarcely be considered quite itself while Mr. Conybeare is absent. However, the pride of Camborne will soon be back again. He leaves Bombay for England on Friday, and should arrive towards the end of the month.

London is losing one of its most sensible and successful clergymen in the person of the Rev. Ythil Arthur Barrington, a son of Canon the Hon. and Lady Catherine Georgina Barrington. He was educated at Eton and Oriel College, Oxford, and served under the Dean of Chichester as curate of Doncaster. Since 1884 he has been senior curate of St. Luke's, Chelsea, where he has done much for the social improvement of the people, and taken great interest in their amusements. Mrs. Bacon has presented him to the important vicarage of St. Mary-le-Tower, Ipswich, vacant by the preferment of Canon Turnock, the most popular clergyman in the town. Mr. Barrington's new Diocesan, the Bishop of Norwich, is his uncle.

The arrangements in connection with the opening of the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield on the 15th inst. are now nearly completed. The museum is situated in Meersbrook Park, and the proceedings will be of the nature of a garden-party, with a marquee erected for the speechifying, &c. The grounds attached to the Meersbrook Hall (now converted into the museum) are very charming, and the treasures of art will thus be associated, in true Ruskinian fashion, with the beauties of nature. The museum itself has been fitted up with great liberality and taste by the Sheffield corporation and the friezes in the different rooms are inscribed with mottoes from Mr Ruskin—such as, "You will never love art well until you love what she mirrors better," "All things are noble in proportion to their fulness of life," &c. The museum proper will consist of three principal rooms—an art gallery, a mineral room, and a library and print-room. The opening ceremony will be performed, as already announced, by the Earl of Carlisle, who will be accompanied by the Countess.

Stanley has been holding forth at Alexandria on the wicked ways of the sportsmen who go shooting big game on the East Coast. "The British East Africa Company might do better with its territory," says Mr. Stanley, than leave it as a happy hunting-ground for American and Russian sportsmen, from which they may decorate their stuccoed walls with horns. The only reason which Mr. Stanley gives for his tirade is that the meat will be wanted some day for railway labourers—rather a remote reason, surely, for preserving East Africa like an English park.

Mr. Stanley goes so far as to wish that the Germans had the district, on the ground that they would jack-boot the sportsman out of it, and "prevent a single shot being fired for cruel sport." "Cruel sport!" Does Mr. Stanley mean that big-game shooting in the wilds of Africa, which from the cradle one has been taught to regard as one of the manlier exercises of man's prerogative of murder over the beasts of the field, is really more cruel than shooting pheasants in a battue? Or is the epithet simply meant for sport in general? Strange in that case does it sound on the lips of the man of iron with nerves of steel, whom one can more easily fancy repeating the saying attributed to Napoleon as he stumbled over the corpses on the battle-field: "If one wants to make an omelette, one must expect to break some eggs."

It is only fair to Mr. Stanley to add that he makes another and a more serious complaint—to wit, that besides shooting of wild game, filibustering of tame flocks is allowed. That must certainly be stopped, whoever the filibusters may be. In the matter of the game, English sportsmen must share the onus with the Americans and Russians, on whose shoulders Mr. Stanley puts it. The Duke of Montrose and Lord Houghton sailed for Zanzibar only a few months ago for that very purpose, and are now probably banging away in this very district.

Mr. Bruce-Joy, the sculptor, has just finished and sent off to Ireland a memorial statue to Bishop Berkeley. It is to be set up in Cloyne Cathedral, which hitherto has had no monument connecting the diocese with one of the greatest of Irishmen. Curiously enough, there is a monument to the Bishop in Oxford—in the Cathedral of Christ Church—though he only resided there for six months. Cloyne has but few remaining associations with Berkeley, and it is well to perpetuate them before they have quite passed away. In the terrace of what used to be his garden are some of the shrubs he himself planted, and which he drenched plentifully with that tar-water in whose properties he had such an extraordinary belief. He said himself that his pamphlet, entitled "Siris," in which he set forth the virtues of his favourite drug, was more carefully written than anything he ever published.

Apropos of the stir that has been created in regard to the Toronto degrees, it is interesting to note the characteristic snub that Carlyle gave to an American university that proffered him the honour of LL.D. "That you should ask me," he wrote, "to join in leading your long lines of D.D.'s and LL.D.'s, a line of pompous little fellows, hobbling down to posterity on the crutches of two or three letters of the alphabet, passing on into the oblivion of all universities and small potatoes, is more than I can bear."

The big statue of Michael William Balfe which is hidden away in an obscure corner of the Drury Lane entrance-hall (writes a correspondent) might reasonably have "clumped" into the theatre yesterday afternoon, like the commandant in the last act of "Don Giovanni." Your critic was probably not present, and therefore I should be glad if you would let me put on record my protest against such a performance of the "Bohemian Girl" as that given by the Carl Rosa company to a regular Bank Holiday audience, which crammed the theatre in all parts. The company's long absence from London—or the number of times they have appeared in Balfe's opera, which?—has had a distinctly prejudicial effect. Mr. Aynsley Cook's magnificent study of "Devilshoof" of course is as good as ever; and Miss Moody as "Arline," if rather hard and unsympathetic at times, is vocally perfect. But as regards everybody and everything else (even the scenery was not completely in subjection) the "note of provincialism" was far too prominent a note yesterday. It cannot surely be that the management of the Carl Rosa Opera Company consider any slipshod performance good enough for a holiday crowd?

A GERMAN VIEW OF STANLEY AND EMIN.

EXTRACTS FROM FATHER SCHYNZE'S DIARY.

Father Schynze, who accompanied Stanley and Emin from the Victoria Nyanza to the coast, and some of whose conversation we published yesterday, gives (the *Daily News* correspondent says) the following description in his diary of Emin and Stanley:—

The difference between Emin and Stanley is very marked. The former is absorbed in scientific research, a very plain man, who lives more for science than anything else, and is a learned man. Emin is in splendid health, but when we offer him wine which we keep for Holy Mass he brings it back without tasting it. "I am going to ask for it some day," he says, "for a sick man; please save it until then." It is a riddle to me how he can live and stand the journey. In the morning he has a cup of Turkish coffee without anything to eat. Then follows the march, during which he does not get down from his ass. In camp it is often evening before his men can attend to him. I never saw a European in Africa who could get on with so little. On the other hand, he cannot work without his desk and his chair. His time belongs to science; his spare moments to his little daughter, whom he guards as the apple of his eye. She is always carried just before him, so that he can watch her in spite of his poor sight.

At the first visit of the missionaries Mr. Stanley was very friendly cheerful; but he is evidently less liked by Father Schynze than Emin He says:—

Stanley is a leader, a commander. More than once he would like to break off all negotiations with the negro chiefs, and treat them to lead and powder; but he curbs himself, to avoid useless bloodshed. He keeps strict order. At sunrise a shrill whistle, sounded by Stanley himself, orders everybody to take his place in the caravan and march; he maintains the strictest discipline, and his men know him. Scarcely has the last sound of the bugle died away before all stand ready to march with their burdens on their shoulders. Stanley lights his short pipe, and, armed with a long cane, walks at the head of the caravan, followed by a boy with a parasol, his servant with a Winchester rifle, and Selim Wangwana who leads his ass. Then follows the caravan. After an hour or two Stanley mounts his ass, and the speed of the march is then much increased, but none of Stanley's men lag behind. But the great traveller can also be merry. He sits under a tree smoking his pipe and watching the pitching of his tent. When this is done he disappears into it, and does not appear again until after sunset. I think he spends that part of the day in writing his notes, for whenever I have entered I have found him sitting by a large book. When he returns to Europe the curious world will not need to wait long for some very interesting reading. I am curious to hear the description of the journey. As soon as we come to the coast, for Stanley does not need to pay much attention to his caravan now, as the officers do all. If Stanley is in a cheerful frame of mind, then the minutes we spend while the tents are being pitched are the more interesting of the whole day. He then tells incident after incident from his adventurous life with such fire and such vigorous expression that we forget how broken his French is.

The German missionary speaks very highly of his countrymen, and the officers as well as the missionaries have, as a rule, left a very fine record in Africa. Father Schynze has described most graphically the first traces of German influence they met with:—

We hear a drummer, and a little later we meet a great caravan going from the coast to the interior. The men march in closed ranks, but what is that? A tall fellow brings his hand to his head and says "Guten morgen." Then another, and another do the same, and then comes a crowd of women, all giving a military salute, and saying "Guten morgen." "Where have you learned this, my boy?" I asked one of them. In Bagamoyo he said, "Are you then all Germans?" to which he answered a ringing "Ja." A little later we met another crowd, and all the men, children, and especially the women said "Guten morgen" with a marked North German accent. We asked the leader for information, and he said, "We are Germans; we fought with the Germans at Bagamayo and built it up more beautiful than before. Now all is German." As any eye caught a German repeating rifle whose bearer looked suspicious, I took it away thinking it was stolen. Then came its real owner, and showed me a ticket, "The Wanyamwezi Kingu has behaved well.—WISSMANN," and I gave it back. The accompanying Wanyamwezi were astonished to see how much a slip of paper could do. Kingu told me that Major Wissmann had come with him to Mpwapwa, and built a station at Boma, in which he left provisions and soldiers.

THE TEACHERS' CONFERENCE.

THE SUPERANNUATION BILL.

The Conference proper of the National Union of Teachers began this morning in the large hall of the Merchant Taylors' School in Smith-field. Yesterday, after the newly-elected president, Mr. H. J. Walker, headmaster of the Temple Colston School, Bristol, had delivered his opening address, various officials were elected. Nearly seven hundred teachers, male and female, met to-day to hear the result of the voting, which showed that Mr. George Collins, of New-cross had been elected vice-president, and Mr. George M. E. Hamilton, treasurer. Then the meeting, which was conducted in a business-like fashion to discuss the question of the superannuation of teachers. The union has now 390 local associations and 14,809 members, and has therefore some right to speak with weight on such a subject. The delegates showed their interest in it by quite deserting the exhibition of scholastic requisites set out in surrounding rooms and by uncomfortably crowding the conference hall. Mr. Ellery (Luton) moved, and Mr. Sykes (Highbury) seconded, that the executive should be instructed to prepare the draft of a Bill for the Superannuation of Teachers in Public Elementary Schools. This having been agreed to, the gentlemen just named proceeded to move the adoption of the statement of general principles on which the bill should be based. No opposition was offered to the two clauses: *(a)* the fund to be formed by the annual contributions of all teachers to whom the scheme was applicable, such contributions not to exceed in any case a sum equal to four per cent. on the teacher's salary, and the Fund to provide for not only superannuation, but repayment of premium in case of death or retirement before the pension fell due; and *(b)* the Government to guarantee the solvency of the Fund. But when Mr. Ellery proposed that the amount of pension to be awarded in each case be calculated at the rate of one-sixtieth of the salary at the time of retirement for each year of service up to a maximum of forty years of service, considerable outcry was caused. Mr. Armitage (Sheffield) moved as an amendment that the Conference should adopt the principle of a uniform annuity of not less than £52 per annum as a basis for a general superannuation scheme, and a long discussion followed. The amendment was eventually lost by an overwhelming majority. The discussion of other amendments followed.

ANOTHER TERRIFIC CYCLONE IN THE UNITED STATES.

A despatch received at New York from Burlington, Iowa, states that Prophetstown, Illinois, has been demolished by a cyclone. The telegram adds that twenty freight cars were smashed to atoms, and that many persons were killed. Telegraphic communication in the district has been destroyed.—*Reuter*

LABOUR ELECTORAL CONGRESS.

The third annual Congress of the Labour Electoral Association of Great Britain and Ireland met yesterday at Hanley. It was stated that the fifty delegates who gave in their credentials represented over 250,000 workmen. Mr. G. D. Kelley, of the Manchester and Salford Trades Council and Labour League, presided. The Congress was welcomed by Mr. T. Wilcox Edge, Mayor of Burslem, and Mr. Woodall, M.P. for Hanley. Mr. Woodall said the recent action of the German Emperor was a testimony to the growth of a sounder public opinion in Europe upon labour questions; and though they were not likely to look to crowned heads, or even to Parliaments, for redress of their grievances, it was satisfactory to find at the Berlin Conference a disposition to level up the condition of things on the Continent in many particulars to the standard already attained in this country. The chairman said they desired no class legislation, but a leavening of the House of Commons by the presence of men having a thorough knowledge of the wants of the masses. The annual report, read by Mr. Threlfall, town councillor (Southport), stated that the affiliated associations included upwards of 300,000 workmen. A discussion took place on a resolution urging an effort to increase the number of labour members in Parliament, "irrespective of the desires or convenience of local politicians with capitalist sympathies," and it was adopted. A further resolution in favour of a propagandist campaign by means of deputations and the dissemination of literature was also agreed to. The Congress then adjourned till to-day.

ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND EGYPT.

In an article on the Egyptian question, the *Siècle* to-day declares that France will never waive her demand for the British evacuation of Egypt any more than she has abandoned, or will ever do so, her claim to the retrocession of Alsace Lorraine by Germany. Every fresh delay, proceeds the journal, makes the evacuation more indispensable, and the promise of the withdrawal of the British troops from Egypt having been solemnly given must be faithfully carried out.—*Reuter.*

Senator Thurman's illness has taken a more favourable turn.—*Central News.*

Sir Charles Tupper will, during this week, go to Washington to assist Sir Julian Pauncefote in the negotiations concerning the Behring Sea Fisheries.—*Central News* cablegram.

Last night James Thornton, of 190, Shirland-road, Paddington, cut his wife's throat in a terrible manner, after which he made his escape. The poor woman lies in a precarious condition, and is not expected to recover.

Mr. John Dillon, who is on his way home from Australia through the States, was entertained at a grand banquet at Lincoln, Nebraska, on Sunday night. A great reception was previously held in the Opera House, which was densely crowded with people. Hundreds of persons were unable to enter.

EXECUTION OF RICHARD DAVIES.

A LAST DENIAL BY THE CULPRIT.

The unhappy youth Richard Davies was executed by Berry in Knutsford Gaol this morning at eight o'clock. At half-past seven a knot of Knutsford residents assembled outside the gates of the gaol, and at twenty minutes to eight the gates were opened to admit some half-dozen reporters. The chaplain the Rev. W. N. Truss, surpliced and prayer book in hand, his lips moving in silent prayer, was standing a few yards from the cell door. At about five minutes to eight Berry appeared, with Mr. Walter Greg, the acting under-sheriff. In his hand Berry held the straps that were soon to pinion the limbs of Richard Davies, and while he stood waiting some yards from the cell watching the door he dangled the belts in his hands behind his back. A minute or two had passed thus when two warders entered the cell, and a short glimpse was caught of the unhappy youth. The door was immediately closed, and a few seconds afterwards Berry walked to the cell door, opened it, and entered. Only a few seconds elapsed when out of the cell was seen to issue the unhappy culprit. His face was blanched, and his features were twitching with the agony of the dreadful anticipation of his near fate. Berry's straps encircled his arms just above the elbows, and the youth's hands were clasped, his eyes upraised, and his moving lips indicated that he was muttering a prayer. On each side of him was a warder. The chaplain on commencing in trembling accents to recite the burial service as the procession, headed by the governor of the gaol and the under-sheriff, moved along the corridor. Berry walked immediately behind the prisoner, and the reporters followed a few paces distant. After proceeding about thirty yards the governor and Mr. Greg turned to the right to enter a passage which led into a yard. A freshly blowing morning breeze greeted the group as they crossed the open space. Just then Berry pulled from his pocket a white cap, which he slipped over the head of the prisoner, whose steps were then guided by the two warders. The yard was about forty yards across, and after traversing this distance the procession entered a rather small room with whitewashed walls. A rope dangling from a black painted beam over two black painted trap-doors proclaimed the gallows. Berry led him to stand over the drop and deftly pinioned his ankles. Then while adjusting the rope over his neck the youth exclaimed in fervent tones, "O Lord, to Thee I commend my spirit, receive it for Christ's sake." The last word had barely escaped his lips when Berry touched the lever, the trap door gave way and clanged against the sides of the pit, and the body of the culprit disappeared. At that moment a black flag appeared and announced to the silent, watching group that stood opposite the prison entrance that the sentence of death had been carried out.

In conversation with the chaplain after the execution, a correspondent was informed by the rev. gentleman that Richard Davies, whom he had daily seen, was truly penitent for the part he took in the crime. Asked whether the demeanour of George Davies indicated the same feeling on his part, Mr. Truss replied that he had appeared "stolidly indifferent." The correspondent then asked whether Richard had made any statement to him concerning his connection with the crime, and Mr. Truss said, "I will read you what he wrote and gave to me ten minutes before his death." It was as follows: "I truthfully declare in my last hour that I never struck my father on the night of his death, and that I never had the axe in my hand." This statement, said the chaplain, would be forwarded to the Home Secretary. The prisoner, in the same pencil scribbled documents, committed to the chaplain an affectionate message to be transmitted to his mother. Captain Price also said that the condemned youth made a statement to the chaplain on Saturday, maintaining his complete innocence of all part in the actual crime of murder, which statement was at once telegraphed to the Home Secretary.

At a late hour last night it had been officially announced that after mature, and patient, and feeling consideration of all the facts the Home Secretary had finally resolved that the sentence of death upon Richard Davies must be carried out. The authorities had made arrangements that the telegraph office at Knutsford should be kept open in case of any emergency, and messengers were despatched hither and thither on the business, but the Home Secretary was inexorable. It is suggested that Mr. Matthews must have had some special evidence beyond that which came out on the trial to lead him to this decision.

AN HEROIC RAILWAY CONDUCTOR.

The conductor of a freight train at Lima, Ohio, says a Central News cablegram, has met with his death in a gallant attempt to protect the property under his charge. Six burly ruffians attempted to "board" the cars for the purpose of plunder, but were met with so stout a resistance from the plucky official that for a long time they were baulked in their object. The unfortunate man, however, had to fight single-handed, and, after a struggle which it is no exaggeration to call heroic, was shot dead by one of the cowardly gang.

SHOT DEAD IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

Six desperate fellows at Chambers, Kentucky, fired yesterday into a railway car, in which they knew that a man named Barnes, against whom they were incensed, had taken a seat. They succeeded in killing their enemy, and also shot dead an unoffending passenger named Day. Another traveller named Stevens was wounded.

"LA NONA" SPREADING.

"La Nona," after making its appearance in Italy and Germany (declares a Dalziel despatch), has now reached France. At Urianges, a village situate about eight miles from Dôle, in the department of the Jura, François Ruisseau, a farmer, suddenly fell into a lethargic sleep. He remained in a comatose state for four days and nights, at the expiration of which he awoke, but he died two hours afterwards.

THE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

Pettit, of Boston, says a Central News telegram, has signed an agreement with Saunders, the English tennis player, to contest the championship of the world. Pettit sails for England on the 12th inst.

A PENSION FOR MRS. PARNELL.

A Central News telegram from Washington says:—"The Committee of the House of Representatives has reported in favour of the Government granting a pension of 600 dols. to Mrs. Parnell, mother of the Irish Nationalist leader. Mrs. Parnell is an American, being the daughter of the late Admiral Stewart, of the United States navy, and the grant is proposed as a recognition of her father's services to the country."

AN "ADDRESS" TO MR. GLADSTONE AT WEYBRIDGE.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who have been staying at Weybridge as the guests of Admiral Egerton, M.P., since Saturday last, left there for London at 10.30 this morning. At the station the right hon. gentleman was met by a deputation of the Weybridge, Chertsey, and Egham Liberal Association, and presented with an address, in which the members expressed their thankfulness that he had been spared so long to work for the peace and progress of his fellow-countrymen, and for the liberty and happiness of other lands. They prayed that his life might be spared to accomplish the great work which he had undertaken of securing for Ireland a just and sufficient measure of Home Rule, and that he might live to witness as the fruit of his work a real and living union of hearts, unforced and unbought, between her Majesty's subjects in England and Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone in reply said: You are all very kind, ladies and gentlemen, to come and bid us farewell on leaving your beautiful county. I earnestly hope that you see some signs of progress in the Liberal cause. ("We do," and cheers.) It is advancing everywhere else—Scotland, Ireland, and Wales are all of one mind—and I think that England has come to the same mind. (Cheers.) Only they won't give us an opportunity of showing it by a general election. Gentlemen, never forget that you are the true Unionists. (Cheers.) Never forget that your opponents make use of that term as if it really belonged to them—(laughter)—they are intruders and usurpers; they have no business with it whatever; they ought to call themselves disunionists. It is idle to talk of a mere Act of Parliament making a union between the two countries. What we want is not an Act of Parliament merely, but to be one people in heart and soul, and with the blessing of the Almighty to maintain the fabric of this great empire through countless generations. (Cheers.)

Mrs. Gladstone was then presented with a bouquet of choice flowers by Miss Travers, and after thanking her the party descended to the platform. The trains left the station at 10.25, and reached Waterloo shortly before eleven.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE COPYRIGHT LEAGUE.

A Central News telegram from New York states that Mr. Gladstone has written to the secretary of the Copyright League denying a statement to the effect that he is committed to support a "royalty" scheme. He regrets some of the features of the Copyright Bill now before Congress, but on the whole, he thinks, it will greatly improve the condition of American and other authors. The British ex-Premier concludes his letter with an expression of hearty sympathy with the objects of the League.

THE ACCIDENT TO THE "CITY OF PARIS."

THE ANSWER OF THE CAPTAIN OF THE "ADRIATIC."

The steamship *Adriatic*, which fell in with the disabled Inman liner, *City of Paris*, off the West coast of Ireland, has arrived at New York (says a Central News cablegram). Her captain indignantly repudiates the insinuations made by certain journals that he refused assistance to the distressed vessel. The *Adriatic* he says, stood by the latter for six hours, and would never have left her so long as she was in any danger. It was only when the *City of Paris* assured him by signal that she needed no assistance that the captain continued his westward passage.

AN ALL FOOLS' DAY JOKE.

A lively All-Fools'-Day joke was played off upon the inhabitants of Zofingen, in Aargau, upon the 1st of April. Everybody knows how eager the Germans and German-Swiss are to count a stork amongst the inhabitants of their towns, how they build and furnish a comfortable stork's nest upon the roof of the church, and how anxiously old and young watch in the early spring to see whether one of these desirable guests, who is supposed to bring good luck to the town, will come and take up a lodging in the house to let. The folk of Zofingen have a Stork Committee, presided over by a "Storchenvater," whose business it is to see that their stork's nest is in good order. Last year there was great distress because none of the strange birds, lusciously as the free lodging was furnished, deigned to come and lodge in it. It was therefore with no small delight that on the first day of the month the familiar old cry was heard in the streets: "Look, the stork is there!" The children danced for joy, and the church soon became the centre of a crowd of delighted gazers. When the old "stork-father," Herr Fischer, was fetched out of his shop he could scarcely trust his eyes, and directed his opera-glass towards the nest on the church roof to get a nearer view of the welcome guest. "Sapperment!" exclaimed he, in a voice of horror, "the bird is stuffed!" It appears that some of the mischievous students of the "Alta Zofingia" had got upon the roof in the night and placed this "Tutchan" and Tussaudian stork in the public nest.

A SUICIDE CLUB.—EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

A Bridgeport (Connecticut) telegram to Dalziel says:—Wendell Baum, secretary of a unique organization of this city, called the Suicide Club fulfilled the conditions of his membership yesterday by committing *felo-de-se*.

Four years ago five citizens of German birth met on Easter Monday, and feeling low-spirited, owing to meagre wages and consequent insufficiency of beer, they agreed, half in jest, to form themselves into a club for the purpose of committing suicide, one each year. It was decided that lots should be drawn there and then for the victim of the following Easter Monday, and a man named Schwartzenheim drew the fatal bean. He lived for his year without any outward signs of disturbance at his approaching doom, and on the Easter Monday succeeding the club's formation four members, meeting in the room above their favourite tavern, were each in receipt of a telegram stating that Schwartzenheim had cut his throat. The club drank to his memory, and the next lot was taken, the victim killing himself in due course on the following Easter Monday. Last year member No. 3 cut his throat, and yesterday the President received a note from Wendell Baum's landlady saying he had shot himself at noon. Now the president of the club is the only member left, and a good deal of money will be wagered as to whether he will kill himself or not, next Easter Monday. The general opinion is that he will, unless the authorities interfere and put him under restraint.

FATAL RESULT OF A PRIZE FIGHT.

A prize fight at Mountain Ash resulted in the death this morning of one of the combatants. A man named Collins is in custody.

ABOUT YACHTS.

The Exchange Telegraph Company states that Mr. Popham's yacht *Paradox*, which last season caused some sensation as a racing lugger, is now being fitted with engines and turned into a steam ketch. The Duke of Hamilton's steam yacht *Thistle* has arrived at Cowes from the Mediterranean with slight damage through heavy weather on the voyage.

A BARQUE ASHORE AT DUNGENESS.

Information has reached Dover that the Norwegian barque *Mollilana* is stranded at Dungeness. The vessel, which is laden with railway iron and is a total loss, went ashore in the beach-gale yesterday, and according to a telegram which reached Dover this morning it is feared she will go to pieces.

THE MINING STRIKES IN GERMANY.

A Reuter's telegram from Gelsenkirchen to-day says:—All the men belonging to the morning shift descended the pits to-day. 465 miners are now at work in the Hibernia pit, 827 in the Wilhelmine, 488 in the Rhein-Elbe, and 440 in the Alma pit. In the Konsolidation pit all the men have resumed work. The miners' strike may now be regarded as at an end.

TERRIBLE MINING ACCIDENT IN CANADA.

A Reuter's telegram from Toronto says:—Intelligence has reached here of a terrible accident which occurred on Good Friday at the Copper Cliff Mine, situate in Sudbury, Ontario. The cable, or car broke, and the car consequently ran back, and overtaking three men killed them on the spot, their bodies being horribly mangled. All three leave large families.

STRIKE OF CARPENTERS IN CHICAGO.

A Chicago telegram to Dalziel says:—Between five and six thousand carpenters in this city struck work to-day. They demand an increase in their wages of 40 cents (1*s.* 8*d.*) an hour, and that eight hours shall constitute a day's work.

THE POPE AND SIR J. L. SIMMONS'S MISSION.

Sir J. L. Simmons and Captain Ross were (the Rome correspondent of the *Chronicle* says) received in audience by the Pope yesterday. The interview with his Holiness was long and cordial, the Pope speaking in highly favourable terms of the results of the mission of the British special envoy, and referring to England in terms of the highest praise.

THE INDISPOSITION OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Princess of Wales is reported to be going on very well, and the feverish symptoms have disappeared. The Princess has been suffering from a cold and sore throat.

OPENING OF A NEW THEATRE AT RICHMOND.

A new theatre was opened yesterday at Richmond. After a checkered existence of over a hundred years the old theatre there, which had been the scene of so many dramatic triumphs, fell upon evil days, and was demolished in 1884. Since that time Richmond has been without a theatre. The flourishing suburb has not been long, however, in retrieving its position with respect to the stage. On the grounds of the old Castle Hotel an excellent site for a public building recently presented itself, and this having been secured, a new theatre capable of seating 800 persons has been erected. Mr. Horace Lennard, under whose management the theatre has been opened, does not propose to experiment with new plays, but it is intended that all the more important productions of the West-end theatres shall find their way at the earliest possible moment to Richmond.

The enterprise was started yesterday under the auspices of Mrs. Langtry, who spoke the prologue to a mixed performance of farce, song, and recitation. In these introductory lines, the composition of Mr. Frederick Bingham, the past glories of the Richmond Theatre were recalled and a new era of equal prosperity and renown anticipated. Mr. Horace Lennard's well-known farce "Namesakes" was played by Messrs. Laurence D'Orsay, Reuben Inch, Watty Brunton, Miss Minnie Inch, and Miss Susie Vaughan, and later in the day "Bardell *v.* Pickwick" was enacted by Mr. J. R. Crauford as Serjeant Buzfuz, Mr. W. H. Denny as the Judge, Mr. Arthur Williams as Sam Weller, and others, including "twelve gentlemen of Richmond" who served as the jury.

Mr. Irving has received a cable from Australia saying that Mr. Toole's appearance in Melbourne has occasioned the greatest enthusiasm.

The Orient Line steamship *Oriaaba*, which arrived at Plymouth yesterday from Australia, brought among her passengers the Duke of Manchester from Naples, Sir Philip and Lady Mainwaring from New Zealand, and the Hon. W. Graham from Brisbane.

Mr. Stanley and Dr. Parke sailed by the *Hydaspes* yesterday for Brindisi. Mr. Stanley has written to M. Gambard, Spanish consul in Nice, stating that he will not be able to visit him as previously arranged, but will go direct to Brussels from Brindisi.

THE MONEY MARKET.

One o'clock.

HOME RAILWAYS AND EUROPEAN DESCRIPTIONS FIRM.—SOUTH AMERICANS FLAT.—AMERICAN RAILWAYS WEAK.

The dividend money is not yet all upon the market, but still the lending establishments are feeling the benefit of its distribution, and quotations are easy, short advances being readily obtainable at 2½ to 2¾ per cent. The discount rate for three months' bank paper is in reality little better than 2¾ per cent., though some brokers are quoting 2¼ to 2⅜ per cent. The market is hoping for a reduction in the Bank rate this week to 3 per cent.

Although business in the Stock Markets has not yet been fully resumed after the holidays, some decided movements in quotations are shown. The tone on the whole is good, but in some directions there is a downward movement. Consols and other Home Government funds are quiet but firm. In the English Railway market there is a general advance, buying being stimulated by anticipations of large Easter traffics to be announced this week. Foreign Government Bonds are irregular. All European issues are firm, and in some cases show a substantial advance, but Argentine and Buenos Ayres currency issues are flat. Egyptian Unified are at the highest point yet touched, purchases being made on the news that Tigrane Pasha, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. E. Palmer, Financial Adviser to the Khedive, and M. le Chevalier, French member of the Caisse, have started from Cairo for Paris to discuss with the French Government the details of the Conversion scheme. American railways are generally lower, though the changes are slight. Trunks and Mexican Railway issues are neglected. The traffic of the latter company for the week amounts to £14,500.

According to a Central News telegram from New York, Senator Leland Stanford has announced that he must, owing to ill-health, resign the presidency of the South Pacific Railroad. He will be succeeded by Mr. A. P. Huntington.

The Imperial Russian Cotton and Jute Factory announce a dividend at the rate of 5s. per share, less income tax, payable on April 30. Coupon No. 4 on share warrants to bearer will be paid at the same rate by the Imperial Bank, Lothbury, E.C.

The failure is announced from New York of Messrs. G. K. Sistares and Sons, who were formerly extensive bankers. Their statement attributes the cause to a deficiency of 150,000 dollars in the accounts of their Philadelphia manager, who died on Saturday. The Detroit manager of the same firm, Mr. A. M. Stanton, defaulted recently for an equal amount. It is doubted if these losses are sufficient to explain the disaster, which is rather ascribed to commercial difficulties.

At the eighty-second annual meeting of the West of England Fire and Life Insurance Company, held at Exeter this day, the net fire premiums received (derived exclusively from home business) were reported to be £98,686, and the losses £55,465. The new life premiums, amounting to £3,980 (assuring £121,000), show an increase of 50 per cent. over those of the previous year. The life claims amount to £91,227, and bonuses added to the present loss account shows that after payment of a 5 per cent. dividend, and the addition of £8,500 to life reserve, there is a balance of undivided profit of £5,275. The total funds amount to £1,173,692, and the annual revenue to £217,809.

The following are the latest changes compared with Thursday's closing:—

HOME RAILWAYS.—*Improved:* Brighton Deferred ¾, Metropolitan and North Eastern ¼, Caledonian, Great Eastern, North Western, Sheffield Deferred, Midland, and North British Deferred ⅛ each. *Receded:* Great Northern A ⅛, and Chatham Preference ¼.

FOREIGN STOCKS.—*Advanced:* Greek 1881 and Monopoly Bonds ½, Hungarian and Italian ⅝, Turkish 1871 ¾, the Defence ¼, French Three and Four and a Half per Cents ⅛, Egyptian Unified ⅜, the Daira ⅜, the State Domain ¼, the Preference ⅛, Portuguese ⅜, and Spanish ⅛. *Declined:* Argentine Four and a Half per Cents. 1888 ⅛, ditto Cedulas "B" 1½, Cedulas "A" 1, Buenos Ayres Cedulas "I" 2, ditto "II" 1½, Bulgarian ⅛, Russian Four per Cents. ¼, and Turkish Group 2 3-16.

AMERICAN RAILROADS.—*Alton:* New York Central ¼, Erie Second Mortgage ¼, and Missouri, Kansas, and Texas ½. *Fallen:* Northern Pacific Preference 1, Union Pacific shares ⅝, Reading shares ⅜, Illinois Central and Lake Shore ½, Central Pacific, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Denver Ordinary and Preference ¾, Ontario shares, Norfolk and Western Preference, and Atlantic First Mortgage ⅜.

CANADIAN AND OTHER FOREIGN RAILWAYS.—*Higher:* Lombardo Venetian 5-16. *Lower:* Canadian Pacific ¼.

MINES AND MISCELLANEOUS.—*Improved:* Suez Canal ⅛, Colorado Nitrate, and New Jagersfontein ¼, Ottoman Bank, Gold Fields of South Africa, and Rio Tinto ⅛. Mason and Barry and Tharsis 1-16.

The following are this day's 1 o'clock prices of the principal Stocks and Shares:—

BRITISH FUNDS, ETC.			Great Western	162⅜	⅜
Consols(2½)Money	97⅞	⅛	Hull and Barnsley.	36½	7
Do. Account	98	⅛	Lancs. and York.	131½	1½
Do. 1903	98¼	⅜	North Western	177⅜	⅜
New 2½ per Cents.	95	⅜	South Western	154	⅝
Local Loans Stock	102⅛	⅜	Manch. and Sheff..	88	⅜
India 3½ per Cents.	107½	⅜	Do. A	44½	⅝
Do. 4½ p. c. Re	72½	⅝	Metro. Consolidated	75⅜	6½
Egyptian Guar. ..	100⅜	1	Do. District ..	30	½
Ils. of England St.	334	7	Midland	143½	⅛
Met. Bk. W. 3½p.c.	111¾	⅜	North Brit. Pref.	77⅜	8 xd
Do. 3 p. ct. Scrip	101½	2 xd	Do. Def.	60¾	3½ xd
Birmgham 3½ p. c.	110	11	North Eastern	166	¼
Leeds 4 per cent ..	115	17	North Stafford	111	12
Liverpool 3½ p. c.	112¾	⅜	South Eastern	129	⅜
Manchester 4 p. c	125	⅜	Do. Deferred..	105¾	¾
COLONIAL SECURITIES.			Taff Vale	74	6
Canada 4 p. c. Reg.	107	9	**FOREIGN RAILWAYS.**		
Canada 3 p. c. Reg.	99	7	Canada Pacific	74	⅜
Cape 4 p. c Cons Ins	106½	7½ xd	Can. Pacific Shares	32	⅜
Ceylon 4 p. c. Ins.	112	13	Chic. Mil. and St. P.	70¾	⅝
Mauritius 4 p. c Ins.	107	8	Denver & R. Grande	16½	⅜
Natal 5 p. c. C 1903	109½	10½	Do. Preference	47¾	⅜
N.S. Wales 5 p. c.	113	14	Illinois Shares	117	18
" 3½ 1923....	102¾	3½	Lake Shore	110	½
New Zld 4 p. c. Cons.	107	8 xd	Louis & Nash	87¼	⅛
Queensld 4 p. c. Ins	110	11	Miss. Kan. & Texas	9¾	10
S. Austin. 4 p. c. Reg	109	10	N.Y. Central Shares	110	⅝
Victoria 4 p. c. of 1889	111½	12½	New York Ontario	18½	¼
W. Australia 5 p. c. Ins.	108	10	N. Y. Erie Shares	25¾	⅜
FOREIGN STOCKS.			Do. Second Mort.	103	½
Argentn. 5½ p. c. 1888	74½	5½	Norfolk & West. Pref	66¾	¼
Do. 3½ p. c. Extn.	61	2 xd	N.V., P. & O. 1st M	33	½
Do. Cedulas A	20	½	North Pacific Pref.	75¾	6
Do. B	37	8	Ohio & Mississippi	20	½
Austrian Gold	92	4 xd	Pennsylvania Sh....	55	⅝
" Silver..	78	9	Phil & Read Sh. ..	23¾	⅜
Brazilian 4½ 1889.	84½	5⅝ xd	Union Pacific Sh ..	63¾	⅛
Do. 1889 (fully pd)	70½	6 xd	Wabash Preferred..	21	⅜
Do. " (partly pd)	13	11 dis	Do. Gen. Mort.	49¾	50¼
B. Ayres 6 p. c. 1882	104	7 xd	Grand Trunk Ord..	10½	⅜
" Cedulas "I" ..	29	30	Do. First Pref. ..	41¾	⅜
" " "J	27½	8¾	Do. Second Pref.	18¾	⅝
" "	89	90	Do. Third Pref.	26¾	⅜
Bulgarian	88	⅛	Do. Guaranteed..	77¾	⅜
Chilian 4½ pc. 1887	4		Mexican Ordinary	8	¼
Costa Rica A	29	91	Do. First Pref. ..	19	⅜
" B.....	85	7	Ob. do. 2nd Pref.	73	⅛
Ecuador, New	24	½	Mexican Central ..	73¾	4
Egypt. State Dom.	103	⅜	Mexican National	35¾	6½
Do. Unified	95¾	6	Lombardo-Venetian	11¾	⅜
Egypt. Preference	100¾	¾	Nitrate Railway ..	15¾	⅜
Do. Daira Sanieh	84½	⅝	Talca	4¾	6¼
French 3 p. c. Rente	87⅞	8¾	Ay'res & Rosario ..	83	⅛
Do. 4½ p.c. Rentes	105¾	6¾	Do. Great Southern	179	82
Greek 5 p. c. 1881-4	90¾	1	Central Argentine..	143	8
Do. 6 p. c. 1884 ..	99⅜	6¾	S. Paulo (Braz.) ...	61	6
Hung. Gold Rentes..	86¼	7¾	**BANKS.**		
Italian	93¾	⅜	Alliance Bank	143	153
Mexican 6 p.c.1886	98¾	4¾ xd	City Bank	120	⅛
Peruvian 6 p. c. 1872	20½	⅜	Colonial	49	61
Do. 6 p. c.	20½	⅜	Consolidated Bank	8⅝	9
Portuguese	6¾	⅜	Imperial	19½	20½
Russian 4 p. c. 1889	87½	4½ xd	Imperial Ottoman	11¾	¼
Spanish 4 p. c.	72¾	5 xd	London and County	88	9
Turkish, 1854.....	105	5	Lloyds	37½	⅝
Conv. A	40	⅝	Lon. and Westmin	63½	70½
Do. B	18¾	⅜	London Joint Stock	21	¼
Do. D	18¾	⅜	Nat. Prov. of Eng.	65½	7½
4½ p. c. 1871	93	⅜	Provincial of Ireland	28	5
5 p. c. Defence ..	103	⅛	Union of Australia	83½	85
Do. 6 p. c. 1873 ..	97	⅛	Union of London ..	43½	45
Uruguay Unified ..	71¾	2 xd	National Discount	11	⅛
Do. 6 p. c. 1883 ..	85¼	6¾	**TRUSTS.**		
Virginia Funded ..	40	6	Fn. & Cl. Gov. Df.	135	9
U.S. 4½ p. c.	105	6	Gov. Sth. Invst. Df	113	18
BRITISH RAILWAYS.			Lon. and N.W. Inv	89½	10½
Brighton Ordinary	136	8	Stock Conversion..	134	⅜
Do. A	154	⅛	South African Gold	13½	⅜
Chatham Ordinary	23¼	⅛	Trus., Ex., & Sec.	6	⅜
Do. Preference ..	105	⅛	**MINING & LAND.**		
Caledonian	113½	19	Indian Con. Gold	1⅞	7/0
Great Eastern	86¾	7¼	Mysore Gold	6½	¼
Great Northern ..	121½	2½	Oregeum Gold	2 3/16	5/16
Do. A	102	⅜	Cape Copper	3¾	15/16
			Nanaqua	1⅜	9/16
			Mason & Barry ..	8¼	⅝
			Rio Tinto	16¾	⅜
			Tharsis	4⅝	⅜
			Montana	11/8	15/16 xd
			De Beers	16¾	⅛
			Griqualand West ..	9¼	⅜
			New Jagersfontein.	11	⅛
			Gt. Boulder Proprietary	6½	¼
			Jumpe's Gold	6¾	6
			Jubilee	4¾	6½
			Robinson	8¼	3½
			Salisbury	2¾	⅜
			Sutherland Reef ..	5	⅜
			S. Afrn. Explorats	13¾	19¾
			Do. New	2¾	⅜ pm
			G. F. of Sth. Africa	53¾	4½
			Exploring Co.	14	16
			Oceana Land.....	8¼	⅜
			Scottish Land.....	2	⅛
			Transvaal Land	3⅝	⅜pm

TELEGRAPH & TELEPHONE

Anglo-American	49	50
Do. Preferred ..	83½	4½
Brazilian Submarine	12⅜	⅜ xd
Direct United State	10½	⅜
Eastern	7	⅜
Do. Extension ..	14¾	⅝
Globe Teleg. Trust	8½	⅜
National Telephone	6	⅜

OMNIBUS AND TRAM

Lon. Gen. Om.....	120	80
London Road Car.	5¼	⅜
London Street	11⅜	12½
London Tramways.	14⅜	15½
North Metropolitan	18½	19½

WATERWORKS.

Chelsea Waterwks.	253	5
East London	210	15
Grand Junction....	120	5
Kent.....	271	6
Lambeth	254	8
New River, Ltd....	162	7
Sthwrk & V'xhall..	160	5
Tarapaca	8¼	⅛
West Middlesex ..	260	5

GAS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT

Gaslight & Coke A	250	2
Imp. Continental ..	219	24
South Metropolitan	283	5
Do. B	238	38
Do. C	236	45
London Electric ..	2¼	5
Metrpltan Electric	5¾	⅜

MISCELLANEOUS.

Allegrip's	70	2
Bell's Asphalte....	3¾	⅜
Guinness and Co..	242	4
Hotchkiss	5¼	⅛
Hudson's Bay	17½	8½
Bryant and May ..	8¼	⅜
Fastman's Ord	16¾	⅜
Elsmore's Copper, &c	6	⅛
Linoleum Co.	7¾	⅜
Liverpool Nitrate..	13	
Colorado Nitrate ..	3¾	⅛
Primitiva Nitrate..	12¾	⅜
Rosario	2⅜	3½
San Pablo	4	⅜
San Jorge	5¼	⅜
San Donato	2½	3
Tamarugal.....	2	⅛
Salt Union Shares	11⅞	⅛
P.and O. Steam Def.	196	200
Royal Mail Steam	69	72
Shaw Savill	20	½
Suez Canal	91¾	¼
E. & W. India Docks	16	18
Lon. & St. K. Dock	33	6

No improvement is reported in the condition of the Bishop of Dover, who on the contrary was said yesterday to be decidedly weaker.

THE STEEPEST RAILWAY IN THE WORLD.

(BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.)

The gradient is one in one-and-three-quarters, and the carriages attain a vertical height of a thousand feet in a minute and a-half. It was opened yesterday, and connects the two little villages of Lynton and Lynmouth, which lie one at the top and the other at the foot of the cliffs on the wild North Devon coast where the clear, cold, splashing Lyn leaps down from its beautiful Exmoor valley—the heart of the "Lorna Doone" district—to the sea. Lynton and Lynmouth were "discovered" some years since; they are now being developed. The Duke of Westminster, Sir Arthur Blackwood, the late Bishop Fraser, and Mr. Mudford of the *Standard*, among other well known people, have, it would appear from the visitors' book of the Valley of Rocks Hotel, stayed there to find change, according to one "Visitor," "from all the fume and fret of crowded life."

> Rare glen! [the poet proceeds] embosomed deep
> In flaming woods, through which the rivulet
> Flows bravely down to meet the Atlantic wave.
> Peerless book, amid thy loveliness
> Resting awhile, we taste of happiness!

Thus Lynton and Lynmouth offered, without their cliff railway, for the opening of which they were yesterday gay with arches and flags, more than ordinary inducements to the man in want of sea breezes and scenery. What say you to a watering-place which is twenty miles from anywhere—anywhere being for the nonce a railway station? From whatever part of the world you come you must take the coach for a score of Devonshire miles. (Devonshire miles are counted upon roads along which none but exceptionally braked and horsed vehicles may venture.) We are here (writes our representative) twenty miles distant alike from Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, and Minehead, and across the visitor may try the passage across the Channel from one of the South Wales ports; on Monday, however—and the wind was not exceptionally high—a Cardiff party were unable to cross. There is a rough sea here and a dangerous coast; a few miles along the crags at Morte point it is nothing unusual for fifteen vessels to be lost in a winter. There seems every likelihood of Lynton and Lynmouth remaining cut off from "railway systems" for many years to come, and every visitor will pray that local differences or engineering difficulties may long remain across the path of the iron horse. As to the beauties of the Doone country, what need we of further witness? Are they not told in Mr. Blackmore's famous book? The readiest way in which to convey some notion of the quaintness and attractiveness of Lynton is to imagine a Highland glen, the houses in which, hotels and all, had been judiciously selected from, say, Rye and Scheveningen. It is a question whether there is accommodation in Lynton and Lynmouth together for more than 1,500 people. In the Lyn trout sport by the dozen; at the right time of the year the salmon ascend the stream in such numbers as to suggest steeplechasing; on the hills are the deer and the sheep with their Scotch shepherds. Those twenty miles from anywhere have meant a good deal to the district. The inhabitants are not so very old who can tell smuggling stories or who can remember having seen the advent of the first pair of wheels which startled a countryside accustomed to pack horses and sleds. And while the twenty-miles coach drive is practicable in summer, to be kept without communication with the outer world by the snow is regarded as quite in accordance with the natural order of things in winter. At Folkestone or Scarborough a cliff railway does not strike one as so much of an innovation. The remarkable thing at Lynton and Lynmouth, however, is that not only is there a cliff railway but electric light! And, better than that, electric light without coals! The hotels, and even the tradesmen's shops have discarded oil; look in a little Dutch-like butcher's shop and there is the electric light bulb hanging from a rafter. As the Barnstaple coach rolls along the road preparatory to climbing the Lynton hill, strangers are startled to find the track illuminated by electric lamps, depending from poles oil street-lamp fashion. But one could not have welcomed electricity at Lynton and Lynmouth if it had been obtained by the introduction of a gaseous or coal fleet of locomotive engines. It is the rushing Lyn and a tiny turbine wheel that work the dynamos, and there is neither steam nor smoke. It is not a little curious that one should have to come some score miles by coach across Exmoor to find a place lighted with so much regard for the beauty of the landscape and with such simplicity that a country lad in corduroys can give all the attention that the machinery requires. It may be worth adding that it is to the Mawdsley-Volta alternate system that is used, and the 200 horse-power is developed by a turbine of only 14 in. in diameter. Mr. Newnes, M.P., is reported to be finding most of the money for the cliff railway.

A STORY OF HORROR FROM MOROCCO.

The *Petite Marseillaise* has received from a correspondent at Mazagan, in Morocco, news of wholesale murder committed in the city of Morocco. A caravan, starting from the latter place in these days, not even on Easter Monday, addressed to a person who was unknown in the town. The camel driver, not knowing what to do with the boxes, deposited them with the Caid, who, in course of time, had them opened. It was then discovered the cases contained no fewer than eighteen headless corpses. They were those of sixteen young women, one negress, and one man. The bodies had been cut up and embalmed, and were packed in the boxes with great care. Through the camel driver it was ascertained that the boxes were confided to him by a richly-dressed man, who, having met him on the market-place at Morocco, took him to his house to arrange for the carriage of the packing-cases. When the police went to the house indicated this individual had disappeared, but it was ascertained from the neighbours that he had really inhabited the house for some considerable time, and that he was in the habit of receiving numerous young women. What took place within those walls can, the *Standard* correspondent says, be imagined with all the greater vividness when I add that this fiend's only servants were a negress and a man. Up to the present time none of the eighteen heads have been found.

A GOLD BOOM IN MADAGASCAR.

Writing concerning the discovery of gold in Madagascar, a *Standard* correspondent says:—Some enthusiasts are ready to believe that the island will prove another El Dorado. People are making large purchases. An Englishman who had just arrived at the capital from the country told me that on his journey up he saw thousands of natives working gold in various parts on account of the Government. It is forced labour, and the people have not only to work on week-days, but on Sundays too. Children even are taken from the schools for this work. I myself went out to the west of the capital, about fifteen miles, yesterday, to a place where the Government has its workings. They are, however, suspended at present—to see where they had been working, and I collected a grain of gold after washing a little earth on a plate in a stream close by.

EASTER MONDAY AT THE ALBERT HALL.

Mr. Sims Reeves, though profusely advertised, somehow failed to draw—the Hall was half empty. Mr. Sims Reeves, though advertised, failed to appear. "Last appearance" was advertised as usual. This time it was not even that. "Tom Bowling" had to be sung for him. With a few exceptions the concert was conspicuous for mediocrity and rubbish. Carter's choir sang poorly somewhat poor stuff, Hatton's "Absence" and "The Lass of Richmond Hill" being the exceptions. Miss Alice Ward made her début. The famous Mdme. Catalani used to sing horribly out of tune. Miss Alice Ward resembles her. In her second song she did much better. She may have a voice if she can manage it effectively. Miss Beata Francis was in fine form in Ganz's rather ubiquitous "Sweet Bird." She accepted a recall, and might have taken an encore, but judiciously declined. The only singer who created anything like a furore was Mr. Iver M'Kay, who has won for himself a place among the vocal—not concert tenors. He was vociferously encored in Mattei's "Dear Heart;" so was Foli, after singing "The Brave Old Oak." Why he retired abruptly after the first few notes and then came on again was a mystery. But all's well that ends well. We must not omit in this very mixed performance to notice Mdme. Blanche Cole's superb singing of two not very superb songs, and M. Theodor Wachtel's exquisite playing of Vieuxtemps' Irish Concerto. He threw off its superhuman difficulties like fireworks, and his clear, bright tone rang at times like a trumpet through the building, then melted into the softest whispers, but still distinctly audible. The performance was altogether phenomenal, and excited the greatest enthusiasm. The band of the Coldstream Guards was in attendance, and Messrs. Ganz and Roche were on the platform "conductors" who did not conduct—that is, they merely accompanied the vocalists. Mr. Carter conducted, and let us tell Mr. Carter that his choir not only needs drilling but weeding—slipshod work won't do in these days, not even on Easter Monday.

A FAMOUS LADY TIGER KILLER.

The pursuit of "the grand sport" in India has brought to the front a lady tiger-killer of great skill and prowess in the person of Mrs. Evans Gordon. This fearless lady, as a member of the recent Cooch Behar hunting expedition, shot an angry tigress who was rushing viciously upon the party, and was actually within a few yards of her elephant's trunk. Her shot, we are told, was as well timed as it was well aimed, for the other guns engaged, including that of the lady sportsman's husband, Major Evans Gordon, had failed to stop the furious brute. It is added that this brilliant achievement adds one more to the many laurels and trophies already won by this dauntless lady in the hunting grounds of Cooch Behar.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."—Clarke's world-famed Blood Mixture is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, skin and blood diseases, and sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of testimonials. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each of all Chemists. Proprietors, Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln. Ask for Clarke's Blood Mixture, and do not be persuaded to take imitations.

GERMANY'S INTENTIONS IN EAST AFRICA.

HURRYING UP THE EMIN EXPEDITION.

According to a Zanzibar telegram, strenuous efforts are being made to despatch the Emin Expedition without loss of time. Major Wissmann requires 700 porters for the expedition, and these are being engaged by Sewjee Hodjee at increased wages. It is generally believed at Zanzibar that the object of the Germans is to be the first in the field in the Lake District.

The *Kolnische Zeitung*, an enthusiastic supporter of German Colonial expansion, comments with approval on the contemplated German advance in East Africa, and, as this article gives expression to the hopes of many sanguine Germans, the *Standard* correspondent subjoins a translation, although the views put forward go, he believes, beyond the intentions of the most influential authorities at Berlin. The writer says:—"The main economic importance of East Africa lies in its busy commercial roads. The ends of these caravan routes dominate on the one hand between Tanga and Dar es Salaam, and are in German hands, as are also the first stages of these routes on the way to the commercial centres on the great Lakes. Mpwapwa, which is held by a hundred Germans, secures the first third of the road from Bagamoyo to Tabora and the Tanganyika Lake, while Dr. Ehlers has secured the first third of the road from Pangani to Kilimandjaro and the Victoria Lake by strengthening the German influence near Kilimandjaro. Nothing is more natural than that the German Government should now be endeavouring first and foremost to get the second stages of these caravan roads into its power. It may, therefore, be regarded as certain that Emin is instructed in the first place to secure Tabora, and to push forward in due time to the Tanganyika and Victoria Lakes."

IS THE DUKE OF ORLEANS TO BE RELEASED?

In the course of yesterday afternoon the Duke of Cambridge, who had been witnessing the manœuvres, opened, at the Gun Wharf, Woolwich, a Military Exhibition. His Royal Highness in his speech incidentally mentioned that it would not be long before, at the close of a lengthened period of service, he should retire, and he was extremely gratified at being present at such a ceremony. He wished the undertaking every success. The exhibits, contributed for the most part by the military and naval officers of the garrison and port, number about 1,200.

The *Rappel* to-day states that the Council of Ministers will consider to-day the question of releasing the Duke of Orleans. The paper adds that the *Official Journal* will publish to-morrow a decree granting a free pardon to the Prince.—*Reuter.*

GERMAN OFFICERS AND THE EMPEROR'S ORDER.

Four officers of high rank, Colonels Prince Eugen von Fuerstenberg, Count Siersdorff, Count Bismarck-Bohlen, and General von Podbielski, have (a Daliei telegram says) been resigned from the army, in consequence of Prince Bismarck's Cabinet order of March 29 to the Prussian army, published yesterday, to be a serious reflection on their official conduct. In other words, the order accuses them of undue extravagances and exclusiveness in their respective positions as commanders of regiments.

PARTIAL DESTRUCTION OF A PARISH CHURCH.

The parish church of Helpringham, Lincolnshire, has been partially destroyed. Two large beams, each weighing more than a ton, supporting the east end of the nave, fell into the body of the church, smashing the pews and injuring the vault beneath. The roof, on losing the support of the beams, became misplaced. No one was in the church at the time. In 1854 the spire was half destroyed by lightning.

WHAT THE SPRING SHOE WILL BE LIKE.

"The spring shoe," says a French contemporary, "will be in all colours. They will make their appearance with the white dresses, yet they will not be white, but yellow, green, and black. The black of patent leather, and the others of 'pâtalum called 'russet,' or of 'American kid.' The low heel is cast aside; the height will be about one and one-third inches; the toes will probably be worn round, and of a more normal width than for two years past. The black soles have almost irrevocably left us. Their becoming the rage in England after being out in France, was sufficient for the French to go back to the scraped soles. For men's wear the style is as yet a little undecided. Some fashionables have already made up—as can almost predict that the ultra fashionable will wear colours, especially reddish fawn, as that is shown made up both in shoes and gaiters. Patent leather will also claim the masculine favour; in short, it and coloured kids are the future materials. The pointed toe is no more worn, but the straight, square toe, with the edges of the sole slightly visible, and the heel one inch in height, will be the prevailing style."

ADDITIONS TO THE GUILDHALL MUSEUM.

Three very interesting specimens of old "public-house signs" have just been purchased by the Library Committee for exhibition in the Guildhall Museum. As far as can be ascertained, all three appear to have been "cut" within a few years of the Great Fire. The first sign belonged to the Bell in Knightrider-street; the second, termed the Pill, was discovered in Messrs. Sutton's warehouse behind Bow Church; the third, representing a female head, was found in Paternoster-row in the course of some excavations. All three are of stone, and are in a splendid state of preservation. Another recent acquisition on the part of the Library Committee is the keystone of a doorway of a house in Spitalfields, which is supposed to commemorate the residence of a man with a tasselled nightcap on his head. The Guildhall Museum, those who are interested in such curios may be glad to know, is specially rich in signs similar in character to those we have just noted.—*City Press.*

HIGHWAY ROBBERY BY A MONKEY.

A correspondent of the *Statesman* writes from Ahmedabad:—Have you ever heard of our blue-faced Guzerat monkeys committing highway robbery? Well, I have, and much to my surprise, I confess. I was walking one morning, when I heard screams behind me, and on turning round to see what it was, I saw a huge male monkey trying to dispossess a lad, who must have been about twelve years old, of brinjals which he was carrying in both his hands to his house for breakfast. Before I could be of any assistance to the lad, a policeman close by ran with his baton to drive away the intruder, but the monkey was far too clever for the bobby. He succeeded in getting two brinjals out of the boy's hand and commenced eating them, in right earnest, on top of the bobby's roof. I have never known monkeys to be so daring before. Had the policeman not run up in time, I fancy the poor lad would have lost all his brinjals.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

As a curiosity the Sensitive Plant (Mimosa pudica) is well worth cultivating in the window garden. The leaves of this plant are very ornamental, and so sensitive that when touched with the hand they immediately droop and fold up, regaining their original position, however, within a quarter of an hour or so after. A breath of wind will also cause the leaves to act in a similar manner, hence its common name. The culture of this curious plant, too, is by no means difficult. It is an annual, and should therefore be raised from seed sown now in a pot, and placed in the warmest position in the window. If covered with a pane of glass, or a bell-glass placed over the pot, there will be a better chance of raising plants. Generally it is advised to sow the seed in heat, and where this is forthcoming in the shape of a greenhouse, hotbed, or propagator, it is advisable to follow that rule, but we have seen tolerably good plants raised from seed sown in a pot in a window of a warm room, and, therefore, if one can do it there is no reason why others should not be equally successful. Cover the seed very lightly, and use a sandy compost. Apply sufficient water to keep the soil just moist, and as soon as the young plants are about two inches in height transfer them to small pots, singly, and grow on, with a subsequent repotting into five-inch pots. During the whole season of growth the utmost care in watering must be taken, or successful results will not be obtained.—*Amateur Gardening.*

AMERICAN NEGROES AND THE CONGO.

George Brown, a negro preacher of more than ordinary intelligence, is organizing a colony of his race in St. Louis to emigrate to Africa. In response to questions he said that he was making splendid progress with his scheme. He had not begun to publish a rise about it. Already he has, he says, enlisted some sixty or seventy families—probably, all told, as many as 400 or 500 people. He had written to President Harrison to see about the transportation, and he had received a reply saying the Government had not appropriated any money for that purpose, but that he could likely secure aid from the American Association of Washington, which has done much work in the way of sending freemen back to the land of their forefathers. "My people," he said, "are more than willing to go, and if the white folks will help us away it will be the best thing that ever happened for all of us. We want to start by the 1st of May, and if we once can get in the glorious country of the Congo Valley well live and die happy." Brown seems to be in earnest in the matter. He is not trying to raise any money from his followers in the scheme.

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SWEET GIRL—APOTHECARIES!

The *Nursing Record* says:—Certainly women now fearlessly tread where once they would never have dared to enter. One would have considered the chemist's shop peculiarly sacred to the solemn soapy-mannered "dispenser," who moves so methodically and with so dignified an air, taking down slowly first this bottle, then that, then the other marked so big, "Poison," while the customer looks on with a sense of reverential awe, caused primarily by those empty coloured jars, which seem to be ever accessories to the apothecary's stock-in-trade. But even behind the beloved shade of his red and blue protectors he has not been able to escape the ever-invading army of bright-eyed Amazons, for since the Pharmaceutical Society has allowed women to enter for its examinations, sprightly maidens have taken the place in some instances of the lordly dispenser, and though less awe-inspiring, have proved no whit less satisfactory, but as yet they are only few and far between, like veritable angels' visits. Of course, to start a chemist's establishment capital is needed (about from £600 to £1,000, according to the size of shop). The chance of success is fair, for it is a fact that chemists have occasionally been able to retire comfortably at near middle age, and some grow to ripe apace. I presume also that my lady friends will use water of necessity with their prescriptions, and water is cheap, especially "en gros." To become a pharmaceutical chemist it is necessary to pass three examinations—a preliminary one in Latin, English, and arithmetic, unless the candidate can show a certificate to prove she has passed the Oxford and Cambridge local, or the examination of the College of Preceptors; the other two are more technical, and before preparing to pass them the examinee must prove she has undergone training under some experienced chemist, or at one of the technical colleges, and has "for three years been practically engaged in the translation and dispensing of medicines." The fee at the South London School of Pharmacy, 525, Kennington Park-road, is £15, and that for attending the lectures at the College of the Pharmaceutical Society, Bloomsbury-square—a splendid building—is four guineas. The cost of learning the profession would be from £80 to £100, or £150, including everything. The English are ever slow to take up any new idea, and the amount of capital necessary for starting in the business is enormous as compared to that in the United States (where very many lady chemists doing well, both pecuniarily and socially, whilst in Warsaw there is a famous establishment, at the head of which is a lady. Many young girls, too, both at home, and especially on the Continent, are studying eagerly with a view to entering the profession, Geneva being a favourite resort with Continental students. All will join in wishing success to the lady chemist or chemiste, for light hands are best suited and bright smiles where the patient is that organ of the patient or patient's troubled friend who has rushed headlong off for the medicine needs cheering greatly. We know also that the light hand and the bright smile is the special prerogative of the feminine gender, though, alas, not always possessed.

A COLONEL'S COURAGEOUS ACT.

A correspondent sends the following particulars to the *Pioneer* regarding Colonel Butler's attempt to save the lives of two children from drowning at Secunderabad, for which he was nearly losing his own life:—Colonel J. W. S. Butler, commanding the 26th Regiment M.I., while riding down to the parade-ground to superintend the infliction of corporal punishment on a sepoy, came on a large well, round which he found an excited crowd. He at once jumped off his horse and lost no time in ascertaining that a boy and a girl had fallen into the well and that they had sunk to the bottom. Stone steps led to the water, and although two natives had ventured into the water, they simply kept swimming about the surface, hesitating to dive lest the children seized them when they reached the bottom and kept them there. Grasping the situation Colonel Butler threw off his uniform coat, and, booted and spurred as he was, plunged into the slimy turbid water, for the well was not much used and its stagnant water was consequently thick, dank, and unwholesome. The colonel disappeared under the scum of green duckweed and bright smiles where the crowd gathered round and the excitement became very intense. The moments seemed like long minutes. Not seeing the colonel come up at once the crowd began to exclaim, "The sahib too is drowned." After a few seconds, however, the colonel reappeared, to the immense relief of every one, and he brought up with him one of the bodies, covered with gruesome slime and matter from the bottom of the well. The colonel was almost suffocated with the filth. Clearing his mouth and face as well as he could, he at once set to work to restore animation by means of artificial respiration, but not being successful the body was carried to the regimental hospital not far off, but all efforts to resuscitate it proved unavailing. When the colonel came up with the body he also pointed out the exact position of the other to one of the native swimmers. This man, being emboldened by the sahib's example, immediately dived and fished out the second body. Life, however, was quite extinct, although every attempt was made to restore it as in the first case. As the colonel's presence was absolutely necessary at the parade, he rode on to it in his wet clothes, and it was consequently some time before he could get a change. The result is that he has been very indisposed ever since. We all join in the hope that the gallant colonel will be soon be well again, and that his prompt and courageous conduct will be suitably recognized.

A RAILWAY ACROSS THE SAHARA.

That Frenchmen are fully alive to their interests in Africa is demonstrated by a paper recently read by M. Georges Rolland, an eminent French engineer, before the Academy of Sciences, in which he insists upon the necessity of constructing a railway across the Sahara. M. Rolland says that it is time for France to make up her mind as to the part which she intends taking in the economic conquest of the interior of Africa. In his paper he defines what are the regions of the Western and Central Soudan upon which French commerce could reasonably reckon, his conclusion being that nothing durable or really useful could be effected in the Soudan without the assistance of Algeria, while, in order to take any effective action in Algeria, that colony would need to be connected with the Soudan by means of a railway crossing the Sahara.

Dwelling upon the necessity of a Trans-Sahara railway from a strategic, political, and commercial point of view, he asserts that the route from Algeria to the Soudan, although it might be the longest, might be made the most expeditious if proper influence were gained over the Touaregs, who hold in their hands all the trade between the Mediterranean and the Western and Central Soudan. In this view he warmly supports a proposal made by General Philibert, to send a column of 200 men to the Touaregs, with the essentially pacific mission of creating a French post at Timassin, while a second post should be established at Amguid, which would give a political and commercial command over the whole of Central Sahara. M. Rolland combats the idea of first sending a column to In-Salah, on the ground that it would give rise to great difficulties, which would spare themselves if the Touaregs were gained over. The conclusion arrived at by him is that the only practical and speedy method of opening up the Sahara is to construct a light railway of the Decauville type by way of Ouargla and Amguid.

SINGULAR SCENE IN A LANCASHIRE CHURCH.

A bitter feeling which has existed for some months past in the parish of St. John's, Pemberton, near Wigan, culminated on Sunday morning, when a disgraceful scene took place in the church. At the beginning of the year the vicar (the Rev. E. F. Forest) convened a meeting of the parishioners, and stated that a gentleman had proffered to provide surplices for the choir, and that he was willing to accept the offer. Hitherto the choir had not been surplliced, and many of the congregation strongly denounced the proposed innovation. The matter was discussed at length in the local press, and at a meeting which was subsequently held the proceedings were of a stormy description. A few weeks ago it was announced that the change would take place on Sunday, and one of the sidesmen informed the vicar that if the choir were surplliced, along with many others, they would leave the choir, while several members of the choir, including the principal tenor, resigned their positions. At the commencement of the service on Sunday morning the church was crowded, a large number having attended in the expectation of witnessing a "scene," and they were not disappointed. As the choir emerged from the vestry some persons in the congregation hissed and hooted, and conducted themselves in a most disgraceful manner.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S VIVID IMAGINATION.

Kate Tannatt Woods, in the "Magazine of American History," gives an interesting account, not heretofore published, of Nathaniel Hawthorne's first printed article. His uncle Manning was a horticulturist, and in the spring of 1822 was much troubled by an insect which attacked his trees. Just at this time there appeared in the *Palladium* newspaper a minute description of the insect, its origin, progress, and the best method for exterminating it. Mr. Manning was so much pleased with the article that he ordered several copies of the paper for distribution among his horticultural friends. At this time Hawthorne was a student in Bowdoin College and happened to arrive home just when his uncle was receiving the paper and commenting freely on the article. Hawthorne said to a young friend, who in his old age communicated this story to Mrs. Woods, "I wrote that article." "But what do you know about bugs?" inquired his friends. "Nothing," was the reply; "I wrote it to pass away an idle hour, and it was out he would be very angry: so you must keep my secret. I have not the slightest knowledge of this or any other insect."

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MORE OF THE APRIL MAGAZINES.—IV.

"IGDRASIL."

"Igdrasil" (George Allen) is well keeping up the improvement which set in with the new year. We have already quoted from a pleasant article of Carlyle Reminiscences (by Mr. J. G. McPherson). Another interesting feature in the magazine is the collection of such of Mr. Ruskin's published letters as were not included in "Arrows of the Chace." There is a good deal of poetry in the present number; the best piece being Mr. Roden Noel's Easter hymn. The first few lines will show the spirit of the poem:—

Some say the Lord is come again,
And walks familiarly with men.
Though we may pass Him in the street,
Never surmising whom we meet.

SOME NOTEWORTHY ARTICLES.

In *Cassell's Family Magazine* the best articles are an illustrated description of Nidderdale, "Canal Life on Mars," "What is Bad Language?" "Some Recent Arrivals at the Zoo," and "What does the Prince of Wales do?" "Some Curiosities of Commentary," Mrs. Lynn Linton on "Our Margins," "South African Snake-bites," and Mr. Baring-Gould on "German Duelling" are among the chief contributions to *Chambers's*.—*Cassell's Saturday* is as meritorious as usual.—"Andrea del Sarto and his Wife," "Lady Society Journalists," and an interview with the popular vocalist, Mdme. Mary Davies (accompanied by an excellent portrait), furnish the most attractive portions of the *Woman's World* for April.

THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE."

"The Thin Red Line" is an attempt, by Mr. John O'Neill, to track the origin of red as the colour of war-standards, as a dye for war horses, and as the hue of military uniforms, "through the middle distance of history, right up into the uttermost background of prehistoric tradition and myth." Carlyle's doctrine, that Laughter is "the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man", forms a kind of text for Mr. Arthur Gaye's "Ha! Ha! Ha!" He has ransacked authors with a vigour worthy of "Anatomy" Burton, and shows as much wit in the piecing together of his patches as did that immortal enemy of Melancholy (against whose malign shafts, alas! he himself was never proof). Of antiquarian interest are "Book-Fires of the Revolution and Restoration," and "Canonbury Tower"—the latter is a draught upon the resources of information raked together by one who lived in the tower for ten years. William Hone, of "Table-Book" and "Every Day Book" celebrity, was a local resident, with a loving regard for detail in matters relating to the tower, and he transfers to one of his books all that Washington Irving has to say in recounting his experience as a tenant of the room occupied by Goldsmith. The account is amusing. Irving entered upon his occupation of "poor Goldy's room" in ignorance of the fact that at that time the tower was a show-place, and, consequently, his own apartment for the time the chief source of attraction—the admission fee for all sights, including a peep through the keyhole, being sixpence. At the end of a fortnight Irving decamped. Beroalde de Verville, and his chief book, the "Moyen de Parvenir," are considered in relation to "Rabelaisianism or Pantagruelism, whichever it may be called."

For coarseness, Beroalde and Rabelais are almost on a par; both are utterly free from prurient suggestiveness; both disbelieve in the virtue of a paraphrase. And, what is more to our point, the Canon of St. Gatien is a rival of the master in the excellence of a *conteur*. There are about 220 tales in the "Moyen de Parvenir," and many of them are unsurpassed in their kind. It is perhaps difficult to see exactly where the humour comes in; but it is probable that a sense of incongruity, which gives a relish to such tests. Mr. Gilbert's "Bab Ballads" and some of his comic operas might afford examples of this peculiar kind of fun. For instance, when people laughed at Sir Joseph Porter dancing a hornpipe they were not moved by a feeling of fierce hatred against chief lords of the Admiralty, but by a sense of the incongruity of the proceeding. And this theory be applied to the ridicule of priests and monks in Beroalde de Verville; it may not cover the whole ground, but it is at any rate preferable to the superfine criticism which is so advanced that common sense and sense of humour are left, miserably straggling, far behind.

"Loafers," "Little Tours," and the usual table-talk by Sylvanus Urban fill out the number pleasantly.

VARIOUS MINOR MAGAZINES.

The autograph-hunter will rejoice at the facsimile signatures which figure prominently in the forefront of many of the contributions to *Atalanta*. There is a curious engraving of Donati's comet, which is made to serve as a sort of footnote to a poem, "Caroline Herschel." Dr. Garnett writes on "Pope," and Miss Eva Knatchbull-Hugessen has taken "Oxford and Cambridge Colleges for Women" for the subject of a short paper, in which the advantages of Oxford and Cambridge, and the women colleges therein, are duly set forth, with such details of meal-times, work and recreation, as intending students would like to know.

The *Indian Magazine* is scarcely "up to form" this month. The "appeal in support of female education in India," prepared by the Committee of the National Indian Association, invites the co-operation of all Englishmen and Englishwomen interested in the welfare of India.—The *Scots Magazine* gives some details of Ordination Services 200 years ago, which have a distinct antiquarian interest. For the rest, it is a somewhat disappointing number.

Sporting Celebrities, edited by "Walery" (Sampson Low), contains capital photographs of Lord Walsingham and Major Traherne. The literary part of the production is well put together.—The *County and Local Government Magazine* (Knight and Co., 90, Fleet-street) appears to carry out its purpose, that of being "a magazine for those interested in local government," with fidelity.—*Tinsley's Magazine* publishes a ghastly description of "A Siamese Execution," and the account of the London Stock Exchange gives a peep at some of the mysteries of Capel-court.

The Sun has a study from the romance of history, which treats Baron von Trenck as "the original Monte Cristo"—but without a happy ending to his troubles. Professor Church writes of "Tiberius at Capri," and Elspeth H. Barzia of Mrs. Craik. Mr. Gardner's magazine contains other articles, which space will not permit us to notice in detail; it is evidently in the hands of an expert editor.—*Illustrations* describes the Forth Bridge, has a sketch (with portrait) of the career of Lady Butler (Miss Thompson), and provides information on "Plymouth as a Holiday Centre."—"The Romance of Durham Cathedral" is a chatty contribution, by Canon Talbot, to the *Sunday Magazine*.—"Mummy Cats" (with illustrations) is perhaps the most popular contribution in the (March) *Scottish Journal of Natural History*, a fourpenny monthly which has reached its third number. It is published by Mr. Robinson, 194, Sauchiehall-street, Glasgow.—The issues of the *Journal of the Society of Arts* for March 21 and 28 are made up of matter of the usual character.

Photographs of the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Harry Furniss, and Mr. Justin McCarthy find places in "Our Celebrities" this month. Of course all are well done, and the biographical notes have been carefully written. The portraits of the Bishop of Chichester, the Dean of Rochester, Prebendary Shelford, and Dr. C. Martin, in the "Church Bells Portrait Gallery" are woodcuts—and it is therefore not fair to be too critical. They have the merit of concision.

We have also received:—*The Democrat, Night and Day, The Fireside, Church Monthly, Contemporary Pulpit, Monthly Magazine of Fiction, Home Words*, and *The Tocsin*.

HOW TO GET TO OBER-AMMERGAU.

Mr. H. W. Domville, in a sixpenny pamphlet published by Kegan Paul and Co., describes the celebrated Passion Play which is to be presented on several dates this year between May and September. He also gives advice as to routes. From Victoria to Brussels or Luxembourg, Trèves, and Strasbourg, with a change of carriage first at Appenweyer and then at Offenburg; by Hornberg, and lofty Sommerau and Triberg—until Singen is reached; whence one rides, in an hour, to Constance: this is the route Mr. Domville recommends. From Constance the traveller scribes forward to Lindau and Kempten, from which it is a twelve hours' drive to Ammergau by post-chaise.

On returning the route by Munich and through Dresden is advised. But all intending pilgrims to the Play will no doubt consult the pamphlet for themselves.

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A TREMENDOUS "TENT" FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Under the heading "A Truly American Way," the *British Architect* says:—Some Chicago architects (Messrs. G. S. Jenison and Co.) have an idea for the housing of the American World's Fair Exposition, which is truly a Yankee notion. They propose to put the whole thing under one roof covering 193 2-3 acres, and have been telling a newspaper reporter how their idea would work out. The scheme is claimed to be perfectly feasible. A huge steel tower, capable of holding eight elevators and supporting the whole roof, is to be erected in the centre of a circle 700 ft. in diameter. From the top of this tower, 1,100 ft. high, steel cables are to be run out to the circumference. On these cables the roof is to be laid. The outer wall around the circumference is to be of brick. In fact, the idea is simply that of a tent enlarged to the necessary extent, with corrugated iron and glass substituted for the canvas covering. As to the practicability of the scheme, the architects say there is no doubt of the possibility of constructing such a building. A reference to the Brooklyn Bridge, with a span of 1,560 ft., while the cables of this will be but 2,600 ft., will, they point out, enable one to form a comparative notion. The Brooklyn Bridge will support a moving load of 100 lb. to the square foot, while in this building there will never be a load of even ten pounds plus the wind pressure. The wind pressure has been carefully considered, and the conclusion reached is that it is perfectly practicable to resist the wind pressure on a round building by tension rods on the inside. In the first place, a round surface does not offer as much resistance to the wind as a plane surface. Then the tension of the rods can be increased to any extent. The whole roof may be strung together on the principle of a bicycle wheel. Then, as to accommodation and practical points of construction, the building would provide for exhibition purposes under one roof 193 2-3 acres. The area of the main floor would be 50 acres, and of the two galleries 75 ft.; around the whole building, 31 2-3 acres. The central tower is also to be provided with galleries at different stages, affording to visitors different bird's-eye views of the interior. A feature of the construction would be that hardly any special material would be required. Railroad bars and rails, glass, bricks, and tiling are almost the only materials. The cost on estimate would be 5,365,000 dols., or 36,204 dols. per acre of ground covered. This, urge the architects, would be by far the cheapest main building of any exposition, the machinery hall at Paris having cost 75,080 dols. per acre, the main building at the Philadelphia Centennial 73,591 dols., the Crystal Palace, London, 42,500 dols.—while of this cost probably 1,000,000 dols. would be afterwards saved on the ordinary annual. The opportunities for embellishment and artistic display on the inside of the building they also assert would be unlimited. "The roof at the central circle from the tower would be 700 ft. above the heads of the visitors on the floor. By day it would be a cloud. By night it could be made by electric lights a constellated sky." Then again, "Surrounding the tower an amphitheatre larger than the Coliseum could be arranged, in which spectaculars on a grand scale might be presented before a half-million spectators. The tower might be extended 500 ft. above the roof, thus out-Eiffeling Eiffel by an eighth of a mile, and the proceeds from a trip up its elevators, which in the Paris case went into private pockets, turned into the general fund." This plan of the Chicago architects seems to be an evolution of the elliptical plan of the Paris Exhibition of some years ago. But, having a greater area within its circumference, it would, we think, cut up to much greater advantage as regards the convenience and economy of plan arrangement.

THE METHODS OF RAILWAY THIEVES.

The terrible outrage recently committed upon an English lady travelling in a railway train in Germany brings to mind (says *Galignani*) the fact that there exist in that country, as also in England, organised bands of thieves who make use of chloroform and other stupefying drugs in order to prevent resistance on the part of their victims. Perhaps the most accomplished scoundrels of this class hail from America. We are very glad to be able to give some particulars as to the *modus operandi* of these scientific ruffians, inasmuch as they do not usually inspire distrust, being generally "got up" as perfect gentlemen. A great many robberies of this kind have been committed both in France and abroad, but up to the present time the police have been unable to lay hands upon the perpetrators. There are two distinct schools in this department of scientific scoundreldom—thieves who operate with opium, and those who use chloroform. The opiumites carry on their nefarious business in railway trains or other for like places being secluded places. They are generally very anxious to make friends with any stranger who appears to be rich. When they have made sure that he possesses a well-filled pocket-book, they endeavour to find an opportunity for carrying out their project. This, of course, is comparatively an easy matter. They will take their victim into a private compartment of a restaurant or other convenient place, and at the proper moment they secretly introduce the narcotic into the victim's cup of coffee, or offer him a cigar saturated with opium. As soon as he goes to sleep, the thieves take particular care to relieve him of the valuable property he may have in his possession. They then disguise themselves in the most approved manner and vanish. The process is very much the same in a railway train. The scientific thief is generally a man of gentlemanly demeanour who has the happy knack of making himself agreeable to all sorts and conditions of people. He carries a well filled travelling bag, from which in the course of conversation he brings forth a flask of brandy, a cigar, or some kind of fruit, and offers it to his travelling companion. If the latter is a wary person, however, he will probably decline. The thief then adopts other tactics, settles himself in a corner like an honest traveller who wants to go to sleep. He does not go to sleep, however, but covertly watches his intended victim. As soon as he sees him fall asleep he stealthily approaches, removes the stopper from the chloroform bottle, and holds it a few seconds under the victim's nose. In order to secure that the narcotic shall have the right effect, the scientific thief makes use of a very thin sheet of parchment, which he places in his mouth so as to prevent his lips oblige him to breathe through the nose. The sheet of parchment is called a "stifler," and is moulded so as to fit like a mask over a person's face. As a rule, the railway thief leaves a certain sum of money on his victim as well as his jewellery. He believes in taking current coin of the realm. Sometimes, however, an inexperienced person will overdose and miscalculates the dose, and the victim sleeps away into death. In such a case as this the authorities generally find the deceased in possession of jewels and money to a certain amount, as well as private papers, and attribute his death to "natural causes." The relatives of the deceased are informed of the fact, and no difficulty is made as to burial. Macé, the eminent French detective, says that there are a large number of thieves engaged in the way described. They are admirably organized and speak different languages. Many of them have occupied very high positions, and they have the manners and appearance of perfect gentlemen. They are consequently very dangerous scoundrels, and M. Macé thinks the best way to deal with them would be to organize an international detective system in order to run them down. There is no less than 300 cases where high-class thieves have been arrested with chloroform still in their possession. A great many of the "sudden deaths" in railway trains may no doubt be attributed to the chloroform gangs. M. Macé gives instances of three such deaths in one day on the same line of railway. Two of the parties were found dead in the compartment of a train. It behoves all travellers nowadays to be very careful in the matter of companions. Probably the outrage in Germany will tend to the adoption of some system whereby the railway officials may exercise a closer surveillance over the occupants of the carriages, particularly in fast trains.

THE WAVE POWER SYSTEM AT OCEAN GROVE.

Mr. Thomas A. Bond, the inventor of the system at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, where gates suspended from piles are used to develop power from the action of the waves, has a farm in Virginia, near Washington. In a recent conversation with a reporter of the *Washington Post*, Mr. Bond said: "We used those gates last year to raise salt water to use for sprinkling purposes. The pressure averaged from 500 lb. to 600 lb. to the square inch. I know these power gates are possibilities, and, while they may not have created wonder, they certainly have created surprise that anything so simple should not have been used before. I believe that within five years all the little fresh water lakes along the Jersey coast will be changed into salt water, and kept so by the motive power of the waves. At present they are little better than open sewers, receiving their supply from the swampy lands adjoining the ocean, which the lakes have been artificially made. Wesley Lake, at Ocean Grove, is so foul that but few of the residents avail themselves of its boating pleasures. To make it a salt-water body would add 100,000 dols. to the value of the city. The near future will find the streets in all the sea-shore cities sprinkled with salt water. It costs practically nothing, and it is more effective in laying the dust. As to electric lighting by this power, the direct power from the waves is not a steady one. Last year I developed from one wooden gate a power equalling the raising of 6,000 lb. three feet every six seconds. Some days I could raise 20,000 lb. in six seconds, and other days but very little. The most satisfactory result is that so far no storm has displaced the gate." Mr. Bond had a photograph of a large lemon-shaped float, which has never been adjusted. It is made of iron, and will weigh 4,000 lb. when in the water. Work will be begun some time this month on the new device, and 4,000 lb. lifting force will be developed from the ordinary swells of the ocean against the gate.

The French word "microbe" was originally introduced to overcome the difficulty of deciding whether these low organisms were plants or animals.

The sturgeon is not eaten by Jews, and consequently caviare made from the roe of the fish is prohibited, and so is isinglass. About the turbot opinions differ, and so many take the benefit of the "doubt" by partaking of the fish.

EDNA LYALL'S CREED.

Edna Lyall was recently classed by the *Methodist Times* with Mrs. Humphry Ward, Miss Olive Schreiner, and other writers who have assumed an attitude of greater or less antagonism to Christianity. She has, therefore, explained her position. In a letter to that journal, after mentioning that for the last ten weeks she had been ill in bed with rheumatism and fever, she says:—"Briefly, I am, and always have been, a member of the Church of England. That any one can possibly imagine me to be a Unitarian who has *carefully* read my books I can scarcely believe. There are many passages in 'Donovan' and 'We Two' which prove my belief in the Divinity of our Lord; while as to 'Knight Errant,' the whole book must have been utterly misunderstood if the reader could put it down with a doubt as to the writer's faith in Christ and in the way in which God reconciled us to Himself by His Son. I think you did me an injustice in publicly classing my books—all of them written on the Christian side—with the books of Olive Schreiner and Mrs. Humphry Ward, avowed non-Christians and attackers of the faith. Of course, I have drawn both good and bad Christians and Socialists. But I have studied each side from life, and I do not think the picture is overdrawn. That 'We Two' has done something to lessen the bitterness and intolerance of both sides I learn with thankfulness from Christians and Socialists.

THE 'BUSMAN BAROMETER.

The other day the *Hospital* overheard a gallant 'bus driver say to the conductor, as some of the fair sex mounted to the garden-seats, "The ladies are my barometer. I always know it's going to be fine weather when the ladies come up on top."

SACRIFICE OF WIDOWS IN JAVA.

A Cochin paper says:—"In Bali, an island in the Indian Archipelago east of Java, the burning of widows still goes on, notwithstanding treaties with the Netherlands India Government. They are burned along with the corpses of their husbands. The latter's slaves also share the fate of the deceased in case of his holding high rank. The Government has not forbidden stabbing widows to death. A short time ago three wives of a chief at Bangli were thus offered up."

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Invite the friends of Christ's work among the children of the streets to attend
A SPECIAL FESTIVAL
At Stepney Causeway,
TO-MORROW (Wednesday), 9th April.

Doubtless many happy boys and girls home for the holidays will be glad to visit their poor little brothers on this occasion, and to see something of their mode of life and of the wonderful things they do. Visitors are advised to have early luncheon, so as to reach Stepney Causeway by 1.15 P.M. if possible.

The Programme contains several items of peculiar interest:—
1. Military Drill, in the yard, at 1.15 P.M. precisely, by 250 boy inmates.
2. Musical Drill, by a squad of trained lads, at 2.30.
3. Dulcimer, Mandolin, and Violin, by small boys, at 3.0.
4. Swimming Matches, in the Large Swimming Bath, at 4.30 and 5.30.
5. Music by the Highland Pipers, in full Highland costume, during the afternoon.
6. All the new and enlarged Workshops will be open to view, and the following trades can be seen in full operation:—

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Harnessmakers	And perhaps
Matmakers	Tinsmiths

7. A Great Meeting will be held in the Gymnasium at 2.30 P.M., when Dr. Barnardo and others hope to be able to interest the company by the recital of some entirely new Narratives of Rescue of boys and girls who are daily being added to the 3,400 inmates of the Homes.
8. Her Majesty's Hospital for Waif Children (recently improved by the Home) will be on view the whole afternoon until 5.30.
Refreshments will be provided at moderate rates.
Admission to the Festival will be by TICKET ONLY, price Sixpence each, application for which should be made at once to the undersigned.
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Full particulars of the Secretary, 309, Regent-street, W.

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Head Mistress, Miss Lawson.
The School will REOPEN on THURSDAY, April 17, after the Easter holidays. In next Term will commence on Tuesday, 5th May, 1890. In connection with this School there are Scholarships given by the Skinners' and Clothworkers' Companies to the value of £225 per annum. Term fee £3 17s. or £3 10s. according to age. Applications to be made to the Secretary at the school address. There will be an Entrance Examination on Tuesday, 8th April, 1890, from ten to one. Twelve pupils can be received into the Kindergarten. Preparatory and Kindergarten classes are held at 232, Camden-road, N.W.

NORTH LONDON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, SANDALL-ROAD, Camden-road, N.W.
Head Mistress, Miss Bees, F.C.P.
The SCHOOL will RE-OPEN on TUESDAY, 22nd April, after the Easter holidays.
The NEXT TERM will commence on WEDNESDAY, 7th May. In connection with this school there are scholarships given by the Drapers' and Clothworkers' Companies to the value of nearly £200 per annum. Term fee £5 17s. or £5 10s. according to age. Applications to be made to the Secretary at the school address. There will be an Entrance Examination on Tuesday, 8th April, 1890, from ten to one. Twelve pupils can be received into the Kindergarten. Preparatory and Kindergarten classes are held at 232, Camden-road, N.W.

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